"***Roll Up"***!
"***Roll Up***"!

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Mr DMT: Terence McKenna Revelation (New Improved Formula)

Here is the uncensored message of Terence McKenna's DMT revelation. This text is designed to help the spiritual seeker in his or her search for meaning in this sun soaked universe. These days we see pretenders trying to take the DMT crown. Terence McKenna will not be toppled. Let the spirit of Terence McKenna awaken!

Let the ghost of Terence McKenna guide you through this DMT revelation.

This revelation is a torrent of insight designed to awaken your higher S-elf, to trigger your naturally occurring DMT!

Why, haven't you heard?

"Neither will they say look here! or, look there! for, behold, DMT is within you"!

Being the spirit molecule and within us all, DMT is where the real action is at.

So the revolution will not be announced by Silicone Valley, and neither will the existence of God be announced by the White House, rather, the revolt to all this digitized consumerist programming dung will be visited within you, by you, rather than from them. So likened to intense metaphysics of dreaming, as well as the most strange, and we all intensely dream strangeness, then it should be possible to be your own cosmic trigger, and WAKE UP!

So awaken! The real definition of the psychonaut is to be awake when others are soundly asleep.

Real awakening is to fly off beyond the clock-time human colony.

The awakened one, you see, is not a sleeper like you and me!

Terence McKenna likened DMT to a Hat of none-locality, you put it on, space-time vanishes like perturbed goblins do, and you are there.

When I hear the DMT stories people tell me, then the moment I realize DMT is inside me, wonderful the ecstasy of Being There! They are talking about my personal none localized God-Head!

Party hard!

The DMT Flash is not located until it is utterly set free from identification with separateness, this body-mind. The psychedelic experience has always been a path of separation from the mundane.

I used to chase appearances to infinity, moving without an end or a goal, like a hamster on a wheel, until tired at last, whether on top or bottom, I stopped at some random point and want people to respect me for it.

Terence McKenna says that the rat race doesn't need to be the only purpose in life.

I took the Irish bard at his word man! Instead of running the rat race, I used to listen to Terence McKenna audio's, like Joe Rogan did and many other greats. Sam Harris uses two McKenna lines in his book, Waking Up! O the Joy of that voice! My joyous and endless cosmology inside me. The infinite ocean; I halt, look around, and exclaim in amazement , "Terence was right"!

So cast off the illusory job, the stinking ape suit! You are none dual Mr DMT, Reality Itself.

Sit back and let the ghost of Terence McKenna guide you through this DMT revelation.

This is the fabled DMT trip, the one time Secret all traditions point to.

This secret, is it at the start of the universe, or is it right here?

Where do we look, or, to ask it differently, is ground zero at the Big Bang or is it inside you? Where should you meditate, 14 billion years ago, or *Now*?

Strangely we get fixated with the Big Bang when what really should guide our fascination, says Terence McKenna, is the *Big Surprise*!

Picture your brain. *(Your brain)*

Picture the universe.
(Universe funnelled through a human brain).

If DMT wasn't within you, you'll dream nothing at all, and a hollow glass orb will vibrate without effect on your Soul, and you turn around with a shudder as the void looks you up and down.

Terence, "*Well I go to even weirder dinner part parties than Friedrich Nietzsche*"! (Audience laughs)

The moment you realize DMT is inside you, wonderful the ecstasy of Being There! This is the dinner party Terence had in mind!

So God isn't dead, rather, he was waiting for you to come through to your own party dome!

Party hard!

The DMT Flash is not located until it is utterly set free from identification with separateness, this body-mind. The psychedelic experience has always been a path of separation from the mundane.

So why chase appearances to infinity, moving without an end or a goal, like a hamster on a wheel, until tired at last, whether on top or bottom, we stop at some random point and want people to respect us for it?

So stay open minded but don't let your brain fall out.

In this psychedelic experience we have within, this joyous and endless cosmology, the ceaseless carnival of Life, storm and stress in endless motion, Birth and Death, an infinite ocean; you halt, look around, and in exclaim in amazement , "Where, in Thunder! did all this come from"? "Am I dreaming"? A ridiculous eye popping ecstasy, a pretentious performance! An absurd ceremony of actors in badly fitted costumes, ritually and comically enacted, solemnly scripted, monotonously pre-

Ordained, and ceaselessly repeated. Only living, only seeking and, at last, only dying. "Yes, a dream"!

So cast off the illusory job, the stinking ape suit! You are none dual Shiva Mr DMT, Reality Itself, or Real (Acausal) God, which is Consciousness Itself.

Mr DMT can bubble up from the Universal unconscious as either the Orgasmic Person or the Buddha Person. The orgasmic is the most common universal. Only a few gain the bliss of permanent Buddha Tripping because most don't believe there can be something more glorious than the orgasm, and so we deny our birthright of being Mr DMT. This is the predicament of all *monkanity*! The monkey is adored by humanity because we can see him more than the DMT-verse inside, which is hidden when we get out of bed, get dressed and drive to work to work or watch the screen or play video games. No wonder the DMT Universals vanish like myths!

The only true reality? Chimp says, "*V for Victory"!*

But we say, remember, DMT is your third eye; remember your third eye. You are indeed a chimp, but also *Godly*. We all walk the razors edge between being a monkey to pay the bills and being a God to starve to death, hence this balancing act we are forced to enact.

Be mindful of who is the watcher when you dream. Your eyes are closed, so what is lighting up the dream? Anyway, the third eye sleeps while we are 'awake' and Mr-DMT awakens while we sleep. Strange then that we dismiss the third eye worlds as mere dreams, like we know what dreams are!

Terence speaks not to your ego but to the invisible listener inside you. The invisible listener is not to the bottomless void Nietzsche fell into. Rather, the watcher who is Mr DMT, the DMT inside you is closer to the invisible listener inside you than your 'awake' ego.

If DMT was not inside you, or to put it the other way, if we are not Mr DMT (like many scientists, as well as philosophers believe), *"We lose ourselves in a bottomless void; we find ourselves like a hollow glass globe, from which the emptiness a voice speaks. But the cause of this voice is not to be found in the globe, and since we want to comprehend ourselves, we grasp with a shudder nothing but a wavering and unstable phantom"*.

(Arthur Schopenhauer)

To conclude this intro, we have a magical something in this genii of the lamp we call our brain.

What is this book for?

You can read this book which is a sort of mere good news or you can go find DMT or you can practice mindfulness. Or, my favourite, sit back and enjoy Terence McKenna's ideas. There are many paths.

To understand it is in our body, dream mindfulness simply means to be aware of dreaming, writing the dream down before it slips yet again through the memory cracks until the muscle remembering seals the cracks.

If this is too difficult, that's fine. We all have busy existences. The purpose of this book is a mere reminder not to allow your senses to rush out into the world like a busy bee, but to Be a stable base as you Exist in the world.

Just enjoy the read, the ideas and the party!

Take and read!

Terence McKenna was not interested in the ego. When you fall asleep, your ego vanishes, then the real action starts!

Action! starting!

Let's start!

So here is a drug free way of annihilating Time and vanquishing Space; DMT annihilation, a Time-annihilating Hat! This is what we'll put on today!

Mr-DMT is like a Hat of none-locality. When you put this Hat on, space and time vanish, as persistent illusions do. *"The form fled, even as winds, and most like a winged dream"* (Virgil, Aeneid).

The Hat reveals the dream, this Maya machine, conjuring up the illusion of Time-Space, Einstein's persistent illusion. It isn't real! What is the fuel of this Maya? What is this Time-annihilating Hat? (N,N-Dimethyltryptamine, or DMT for short)

What other Hat can show you this illusion, that life, death, the galaxies were only time-shadows and not REAL?

Terence McKenna once said that DMT was the only game in town, we just can't recognise it.

We trip there every night and call the fleeting memory, 'a dream'.

Ponder it you must, (understand it you can not!)

(A few minutes later)...

After deeply pondering Terence's insights, rest assured, insights grounded in all our experience, that your own DMT experiences you have in what we call 'deep dreamless sleep' will bubble up into your remembering self, the ego.

DMT is inside you, this is the science. So how do we trigger it naturally?

Take and read!

Because those S-elves' are within but the ego can't hold the moment, let alone the Vastness of the Flash, But some do remember, and they live like That... Hopefully when we have more DMT dreams we will remember the party.

Well here I hope to get as many people connected with Terence. We can upload Terence McKenna into the collective stream and in this process our own DMT will be triggered.

The thing that the DMT experience does, and it is naturally produced inside you, remember, is to show you the doorway into a hyper-reality. This is exciting, however, because of the propaganda, only those already in the know will ever get it. So I am hoping this book will act as a meditation. The more you meditate on your dreams the more you will see what I mean about dreams being more than thermal white noise.

Remembering is important. In Dhyana Yoga, a fancy word for meditation practice, seeing how wrong they were will slowly reveal the illusion like Neo seeing the Matrix.

By just reading and hovering over the subject of dreams will enable a remembering and a mindful attitude to the DMT flash you always forget

Your brain is a dream catcher. If you are not aware, then the dream rushes through your brain like sand through a sieve. But being aware creats brain nets and these nets allow you to remember your deepest dreams.

The dream will spill into your psyche.

Terence used to quote Plotinus is saying that the experience is the flight of the alone to the alone.

Only you can travel!

There is much hype not only of the 'drug', but even technology entrepreneurs are getting in on the act. There are light machines people claim can trigger the DMT flash. A money spinner? Pay a few hundred dollars! Maybe we're being stingy, but when you have a deeply epic dream, there it is, the flash for free! You don't need to pay a few hundred dollars to get there, and you don't even need to break the law to obtain it and neither do you need to join a club or march of Wall Street demanding they make it legal, to have it. You already have it inside you. Terence used to joke that we all carry illegal drugs inside us, including the police!

Terence McKenna, the godfather of the DMT craze, used to say that in a propaganda free society, the DMT experience would make headlines, 10 feet tall. McKenna often spoke in reverence of the DMT world and he was convinced that *"this experience is of a fundamentally different order than anything this side of the yawning grave"* (Terence McKenna).

McKenna argued that trying DMT isn't like riding a bicycle or wind surfing, hobbies that if you never tried between vagina and grave you will not be at a loss. Oh no, DMT is not a mere fad, 'it is your birthright' (McKenna).

The Resurrection of Terence McKenna is High Definition!

Who was Terence McKenna? He spoke in a language that scarcely settled into form, or admitted to a rank among the cultivated followers of conformity. Yet his talks are remarkable for their striking originality, extent and variety as well as their intrinsic excellence; and his own generation is not his only, or perhaps his principal admirers, but the his enthusiasm will live on. It is difficult to collect or interpret the general Voice of McKenna; but his Logos enjoys apart for many centuries from the

common oblivion which soon overtakes the mass of authors, as it does the mass of other men.

Before He transcended, Terence said, "*I'll try to be around and about. But if I'm not, then you know that I'm behind your eyelids, and I'll meet you there*".

McKenna meant that when enough hook up to DMT, then Terence McKenna will be back.

He is already behind our eyelids!

For all DMT spirits, Terence is behind all our eyelids waiting to emerge into the DMT Heaven.

We all dream and the dream stems from the Higher Self, and those Mad one, well DMT is related to the 'Big Dreams'. The more people absorb Terence McKenna into their psyche, the happier the Higher Self will become.

Hopefully the rush will get into the collective Higher Self and the human race will be Gods! Well that's the plan. Terence McKenna used to talk positively about the collective unconscious. Be it Bells none locality as 'proof' for the collective Unconscious, or Jung's ideas, we are in some way connected. Also, DMT is inside us. The DMT-Flash isn't a far off mystery only a few have access to. We always have access to DMT. We only need to practice remembering.

As you read this text, this revelation will hopefully stick within your unconscious, then your remembrance of your journeying will emerge, and in a few weeks or so you will have DMT dreams that you remember. I have had profound McKenna dialogues in my dream. Once I dreamt Terence explained the riddle of death to me but I have forgotten it. I only remember the articulateness of McKenna and the solid sense of certainly in me.

Because in writing this, I have had some strange McKenna dreams myself, and I know, as Terence used to say, I am not special, so I know that the reader will also have profound dreams.

Because we have profound dreams and because DMT is in us, then we can read this text and know for sure that the experiences will come. This knowledge should trigger the invisible listener within you.

After absorbing the message you can have your very own DMT-Terence in your own bed!

Now on to the more popular message.

There is a more popular McKenna revelation, the pipe!

For those seekers who enjoy the travel and the adventure of being shot out of a metaphysical rocket at a higher velocity than light, Terence's smoking exploits were a joy to listen to. Even reading about these exploits will help your dreams.

McKenna has left his body but the Spirit of Terence McKenna lives on in his pipe, his bong and his DMT revelation, the world Terence opened for us all..

So why bother writing this and telling you?

The Buddha compared the news of enlightenment to a spark in a ship load of cotton. Slowly but relentlessly the whole of the cotton will turn to ash. So the news of the DMT experience, the subject that I shall right about in the first part, will sooner or later bring about a transformation in the way we see our place in the universe.

After the Copernican revolution, there weren't riots in the streets and the world was not destroyed by this scientific fact. Rather, we fixed our outlook and went to the moon. This is progress.聽

The philosopher, Gerald Heard, said that "*the life force is like a juggler; it is always contriving that we shall watch the hand with which the trick is not being done. When we look back, we often discover that it was the symptom we were studying, not the cause*". The life force has been leading us up a blind alley, because we have been studying the wrong hand.

As an aside, I really do believe that the awakening is taking place on this day, now, as you read this; I realise you may not feel this; this floating above the world. D. T Suzuki, the Japanese Zen master, was once asked what it was like to have enlightenment, he said: "*Well, it's like ordinary, everyday experience, except about two inches off the ground*". I have no idea what this means. It is a paradox, like all experience.

An old Irish proverb says, if you see a two headed pig, keep your mouth shut! That is also a paradox.

So if you wake up in down town Manhattan and realize that you are the infinite awareness: keep your mouth shut!

So that’s the pompous mentioning of the Buddha over with, now back to Terence.

Only a few will search for the chemical to smoke. Rest assured that because we have it within us, that age old craving for searching is not needed now. But if you do find the bong, then a holiday awaits you!

When he was with us in the flesh, Terence McKenna swam deep in DMT-Land, and he knew this world we think real is in fact an illusion.

What the sages gain from enlightenment, or the philosophers from years of deep logical thinking, or the quantum physicist's through advanced study, Terence McKenna gained from inhaling deeply!

Of course Terence of all people knew you don't need to smoke it. The bong is a fast track to the dream universe.

McKenna, "*All you need is a bong and courage*"!

The deeper you inhale, the more you see!

"*The leather lunged hashish smoker*", says Terence, "*is at an advantage*".

If your lungs can stand the inhaling, the more you know!

Unfortunately, to rip through the this membrane which separated this universe from That requires big inhalations!

But like I said, we don't need to smoke DMT because we have McKenna's revelations inside us all. I have packaged these revelations in sayings, stories and McKenna logic to trigger naturally occurring DMT.

Whose who have never been there can read this text to get an idea, to trigger your own brain chemistry.

What happens then?

You go to bed and your naturally occurring floods your head!

What then?

The amplitudes of probabilities, the thing the quantum physicists are busily being baffled about, you become That. But what is That?

The word 'That' is one word. So is it void, a spot? Because there is no space-time in the cloud of probabilities, it must be a spot, a void, so it can't be worlds, people and machines, right? Because that will imply duality.

From our point it's very logical, but Terence used to invite his cheerful critics to come and smoke DMT! "*Do it*"! "*Do it*"!

After smoking DMT, duality comes running at you like an army of screaming Spartans!

In other words, rushing armies is what you get when you deeply inhale DMT, not void.

Void is the sign of the unimaginative. Nirvana is for those who haven't smoked DMT!

Be it Platonic space, Heaven, Elf-Space, who knows what meaning we can attach?

But the DMT-Universe is the revelation rather than the meaning.

Meaning is a function of mind. It does not a adhere to the DMT-Universe, which is outside mind, and so, from the minds standpoint, meaningless.

Because of our mind, this apparent reality is our bias, all this talk of single points, tangents, not-two, nihilism, Nirvana and quantum foams, is the ego's bias.

You haven't been there!

Terence McKenna used to say that DMT is The Secret and the rest are not, but because we have this puny ego, we can't really see it. This means that DMT is a different kettle of fish which must be experienced.

Terence, "*Verrucio never saw, Michaelangelo never anticipated, Yates didn't know, Blake hadn't a clue, Melville wasn't briefed, and yet there it is, you know*".

But how do we get there? Remember that our deepest dreams are DMT-Flashes but we don't remember them.

Terence's route was the bong.

It must be smoked to get the hit while you are awake and then you can remember the Flash.

"*The leather lunged hash smoker*", says Terence, "*is at an advantage*". The deeper you inhale, the more you leave your body.

In other words, the longer you can hold the hellish vapors down, and the smoke is cruel, deeply inhaling as deep as possible, is the difference between Shape-Shifting Fairy-Land and try again.

In other words, other worlds, aliens and intelligences await you if you do it right. Pure high definition duality with whistles is what you get when you smoke DMT!

Terence says that smoking is the best. You have to smoke DMT! Drinking like the primitives do or injecting it like the primitives do is a watered down experience.

Science demands that you measure a sample and inject, another measure, and such nonsense. So the real deals in DMT will be unknown to the general public. The Strassman study was mere clownish impersonations of DMT. Terence was the real underground DMT man.

Everything is happening at once, and the elves and machines are there in the DMT experience, all at once but the 'at once' is stretched and time is moving image of the 'happening at once'.

Terence says that on waking from the DMT-Flash it is very confusing because you are trying to remember the experience with your 'waking mind'. Terence always pointed out that when you are in the DMT-Land, you know what is going on. It is only when you come back to this illusion that you forget. The more deep you go, the more you forget.

This is why what we call deep dreamless sleep is in fact lack of memory. We are always conscious but we can never remember the deepest dreams.

Plato has a myth about entering another world and the travellers drink from the river of forgetting. It is necessary to forget the experience once you are back in this apparent reality.

Why do you have to forget DMT?

Once I woke up from a dream to this place. Very rarely you can bypass hypnagogia and you realize that this is as true and the dream.

But the dream and this reality are now Truth.

The starts, galaxies and the universe is not Truth because it melts! Truth never melts. This world melts, the dream melts, even the flash melts.

In every cave dweller who fancies himself awake, DMT is there for you.

Can you escape the cave, to realize that God resides not in the clouds, but behind your eyelids, without DMT?

Terence McKenna used to say that you can't get there without DMT. Of course DMT is inside our bodies already but you need to produce the stuff in a lab and smoke it to really get the experience.

However, the trick is to remember the flash when we are sleeping.

Terence McKenna argues that this is why the DMT flash is important; it is an antidote to the nihilism the brightest people accept with a steely eyed assurance of how meaningless life is.

The DMT flash isn't religion, and it isn't deism, but being illegal, the psychonaut's argue that they are like the scholars of the inquisition, they dodged the angry Pope and worry about getting burnt alive!

Let us begin!

If anything in the world is desirable, so desirable that even the uneducated and dull herd in its more reflective moments would value it more than diamond and gold, it is that a ray of light should fall on the obscurity of our existence, and that we should obtain some information about this enigmatic life of ours, in which nothing is clear except its misery and emptiness.

In the Matrix, Morpheus tells Neo that the feeling is 'like a splinter in your brain, driving you mad'. As long as the Matrix is real, no matter how nihilistic the drones, the eternal need, or the metaphysical itch is there, driving the human race mad.

Terence McKenna's puppet questions.
Stomach girl, hair extensions.
Allen Ginsberg, howless erection.
Stomach girl's mimetic spaghetti flies.
Terence McKenna's becoming obsessed by floaters that hover before his eyes.
Free floating love could rid her of the desire to die.
Whilst Charles Darwin's suffering from monkey pies.
And Sister Mary's machinery of silent suffering terrifies the children's eyes.

"Neither will they say look here! or, look there! for, behold, the Kingdom of God is within you"! (Jesus of Nazareth)

What Earth can He mean?

(God)

If you met God you'll probably ask Him a dumb question. So you can't blame God for giving you a stupid answer.

STUPID!

("Nutts"!).

Words of the wise vibrate without effect on the ear of the peasant! So what chance the Word of God?

Even Winston Churchill said you only need a five-minute conversation with the average person to see how stupid people are. And George Carlin said, "Think about this; think about how stupid the average person is, and then realize that half of 'em are stupider than that"! In the world of the stupid, the halfwit is the leader!

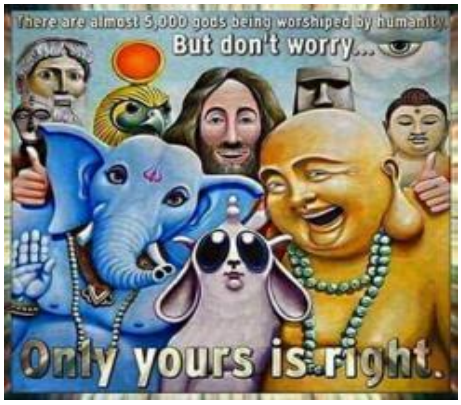
Just look at Donald Trump!

So Jesus spoke words peasants can understand. He left the hidden meaning inside His holy wallet.

"Unto you (those with brains) is given to know the mystery of the Kingdom of God; but unto them that are without (brains) all these things are done in parable; that seeing they may see (with eyes), and not perceive (not grasp with what brains they have), and hearing they may hear, and not understand". *(Jesus of Nazareth: The Book)*

What hope, then, for stupid fishermen, shepherds and prostitutes, of understanding the Word of God?

This is why religions have always been, to outside appearances, very stupid.



The inner Secret was hidden from the toiling masses who wouldn't appreciate, It!

Origen says, "But that there should be certain doctrines not made known to the multitude, which are [revealed] after the exoteric ones have been taught, is not a peculiarity of Christianity alone, but also of philosophical systems, in which certain truths are exoteric and others esoteric" (*Origen Contra Celsum, Book I, c, vii***)**

Arjuna's distress at seeing the True form of God is a symbol of the over simulated brain power of the masses. It is too much and the brain will explode!

Therefore, what we are saying is that the trouble with religion is with the exoteric. But where can we find the wheat?

But, here and there, in all spots on the planet, eons ago and now, the wise claim to have gathered clues in religious stupidity, a heavenly plane, a peep into Gods kitchen sink.

So like archaeologists who look in ancient dirt and make dinosaurs real, the wise look at stone-aged religions to dig out spirituality.

The hidden meaning is, to them at least, teased out but never popular, like extracting diamonds from dirt, truer than materialism they argue for their discovery. However, diamonds are precious in the world of materialism but true God is unnoticeable and, to stay with the theme of mass stupidity, until today.

If, then, this Heavenly plane is revealed by some supernatural power, this power chose to express in the religious prophets, sears and Buddha's the appearances that were suitable to teach any stupid biped (you and me included).

But the evolved brain can only hold bananas **, not Truth** **.**

Terence McKenna said that this is why we can never wrap this monkey cerebral thing around the DMT experience.

Even words fail, and those computer generated artworks we see are mere computer generated. Art is exoteric, and so not an experience, and definitely not thee experience!

The DMT experience doesn't even speak your language. At least Jesus decided to speak a Galilean dialect fishermen could understand.

What does DMT speak? When God comes as the Avatara the Word is in your language. But if you discover the trapdoor to fairyland, as Terence calls the DMT experience, then you are listening in on a Godly conversation you don't fathom in your remembrance, your metaphors and even your mindset.

But still, ask God what does Heaven look like, and God says it looks like a mustard seed. Ask a stupid question and you get a stupid answer.

But mass stupidity is good news. Donald Hoffman says evolution has made us all stupid in order to survive. If this were the other way, like most mainstream evolutionary biologists reckon, then the stupidity is the best we can ever be.

A baby will not understand the simple words of her mother. How then, can a disciple understand the word of a Jehavah God who has arrived in front of you as the Avatara Jesus?

In Hinduism, Krishna appeared in true form before Arjuna and all the prince could say was, "No more", no more"!

Krishna then resumed human shape.

So next time around, as Jesus, God kept the real meanings secret, He stayed human, until the right time.

The word entheogen comes from the Greek word entheos, or god within. This is why Jesus said God is within you.

But Jesus couldn't have said a chemical N, N-Dimethyltryptamine, a tryptamine molecule which occurs in many plants and animals is within you!

Chemistry was unknown in Galilee. So Jesus used simple language for simple fishermen. And the Buddha and Rumi were also dealing with dumb fcuks.

God, compared to His disciples, God is the father compared to a new born baby. Look, the. Kingdom of God is within you! This is much easier to understand.

But what is the Kingdom of God? It is the portal to the Higher Worlds. What is the switch, the DMT molecule of course.

The Psychedelic Experience part 2

Some people can see further. If you fly over your home-town, on Google Earth, you notice the higher vantage point straight away. You would never have guessed that there were so many trees surrounding your home-town if you stayed on Earth. Zoom out a little and the view becomes higher. Now you see mountains and seas. You apprehend more because you are high. When you come back down, try explaining what you have seen to your friends. Chances are, if your friends have never risen to those heights themselves, they won't believe you. You will then get thrown into the cooking pot!

You flew too high and they dragged you back down. You looked down into the DMT flash; you witnessed grandeurs beyond grandeurs, chasms over chasms, deeps beyond deeps. Just like in mathematics there are infinitudes of higher orders infinitely transcending lower infinities, so the phenomenon of consciousness can no longer be seen at sparks firing from living meat. Rather, your consciousness is a revelation of infinities overlapping your normal, hum-drum; pay that mortgage, monkey mind.

Read this, and see far indeed; beyond the Mountain!

Terence McKenna identified the psychedelic experience as the safest doorway to the inner Himalayan range, and, he speculated, to the post-death state was glimpsed too. ‘When you smoke DMT’, says McKenna, ‘you rip through to the ecology of souls’. The post-death reality, for which this apparent living world we now inhabit is but a shadow, is revealed, at last, by DMT.

Here is BONUS MATERIAL: Enjoy!

Terence called Albert Hoffman the ‘second Albert’. Can you guess who’s the first? Below I will render what Terence said about Albert Hoffman.

LSD: The Problem Child

Albert Hoffman writes in his autobiography (LSD - My Problem Child) that the people travelling across the globe to set eyes on him would be taken aback and somewhat surprised as to how boring and completely ordinary a figure he cut; he being the discoverer of what to their generation was considered 'the atom bomb of spirituality'; Lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD).

But, Halt! Please Stop Right There! You may be asking, surely a trip you take on a weekend, or worse, those crack-heads sometimes have, and they giggle about it later, surely you are not suggesting any spiritual significance? The amount of times I questioned a teenager fresh from Amsterdam, and all I get is giggling!

The World government has long jail sentences awaiting you if you dare make the spiritual equivalent of the atom bomb! That's right, a world blanket ban, because the seriousness of LSD warrants such a law.

So if this chemical is more serious than attempted murder or drive by shooting, then why are you interested?

These guys, the 'druggies' the teenager, and even the writers on drugs are not exactly reporting spiritual experiences! Monkey farts, maybe. God, definitely not!

So the government is right. There is no medical use for LSD, and God, well the experts say ‘no way’! That atom bomb of spirituality you just mentioned did not cause a paradigm shift and the modern medical people are merely dabbling in therapy and the top thinkers today are working on AI and software and so we can throw away those black and white video’s

of people claiming astonishing things. We have Smart phones and that’s that!

Even the experts tell us that it is a hallucination and nothing they don't understand anyway, so that's that.

So its an open and shut case, right? The weekend drug takers trip on a weekend, and that's that, nothing to see here, and the experts also find no value in the experience, and that's it, nothing to see here. It is just a trip.

So all this talk of spiritual atomic bombs is merely hype.

But I retort to the sceptic this!

You need only watch the old black and white video's, especially the video with British politician Christopher Mayhew, to get a feel for the exciting discovery. Mayhew says that he experienced what Huxley called, "telescopic aeons of eternity in a second"

(please note that time dilation happens in dreams every night, so suspend your mockery).

I especially enjoy the video with the polymath, Gerald Heard. Heard says that death will feel like a psychedelic trip, literally a trip rather than a tryptamine.

Heard's insights tickles another obvious insight mentioned by Jung in his introduction to the Tibetan Book of the Dead, but no one listened. Jung wonders whether the Tibetan Buddhists did their own tripping and this is why they are so confident about the after-death state. C.G Jung wonders whether the Tibetans somehow had something that allowed them to tap into the third dimension, but what he knew now.

Maybe Gerald Heard was onto something after all.

This is strange, C.G. Jung was from the same country as Albert Hoffman and bizarre as it seems, Jung was speculating whether the Tibetans somehow ‘tripped’ while Gerald Heard claimed to have done something with LSD which gave him a clue to what death will feel like, but neither thinkers, or their followers, exchanged telephone numbers.

Alas, the Jungian community and the psychedelic community didn't meet, and the gap is widening, and so the insight was lost. A more recent video is by the physicist Nick Herbert. Herbert is the last witness I have come across.

Herbert, who was friends with Terence, says that he experienced what death may feel like, or another way 'of being Nick' that didn't require the body. In India this other something outside the body is the 'atman'. Sadly, even the advaita community turn with a shudder at people like Dr Nick Herbert!

Back in the 1940's, the LSD was called the 'atom bomb of spirituality'. The suits reported transcendental experiences, the same suits cracking the atom in fact. How shocking the bomb was is how shocking this strange chemical was. We find it hard to appreciate the mindset from those days. But before the counter culture, strange currents are sensed,

gathering over the ashes of the World War. The ghosts of the dead were on the march, the constellations positioned over Albert Hoffman's Swiss chemical lab, and LSD: God, was discovered.. The Gods from a Wagnerian drama were summoned, black and white split into dream, into the land of the Gods, and then the lid was closed on this miracle shining and God-Colour'Lighting.

Terence McKenna used to say that the mystery isn't why some saw God, the bigger mystery is why the weekend party people see nothing and why the experts see nothing. McKenna used to say that stupid people are inflicted with stupidity, and so they only see dancing mice when high!

How's and Why's: A short detour.

We tend to mix us the 'why's' with the 'how's'.

Why did Gerald Heard see what death will be like when on acid? The psychologist will say 'LSD'. But this is a 'how' answer.

A 'how' did Gerald Heard see what death will be like answer will be that he took LSD? As for, 'why'?

Why did he figure out what death will be like? Unanswerable, so the 'how', ingesting LSD, is used.

All the You Tube commentators are doing the same mistake the psychologist made who interviewed Gerald Heard. They are swapping the 'why' with the 'how'... The 'how' explanation is easy.

Asking how is a start but answering the 'why' is impossible. Why questions are inherently unanswerable. People go through life mistaking 'how' answers for 'whys'. David Carse writes, in Perfect Brilliant Stillness, that if someone asked why is the sky blue, we answer ‘how’ the sky is blue and not why is the sky blue.

We can answer ‘how’ the experience, but ‘why? Answering ‘how the experience’, then the mapping starts. "How" answers are the domain of science but people mistake the science (how) with the explanation (why). Science can never answer why.

So an epileptic man in a forest hears angels playing music, (he later claims that Mozart doesn't come close), he is thrust into the experience aeons of eternity in the second it takes his water bottle to hit the ground; in that second the man experiences the beauty of the forest and the face of God with an intensity Arjuna, in the Bhagavad Gita, experienced when the god Krishna revealed His form; all Arjuna could say was, "No more, please no more"!

After the experience, you talk to the forest man and the intensity in his eyes, the story he describes is so real. He even says that the place is more real than this, with intense meanings. This forest passage makes a sage rather than a madman.

All the scientist can say is neurons firing or epilepsy or madness or, their favourite, a hallucination. These explanations are "hows" rather that ‘whys’. Why the music, the visions, the meaning? These are unanswerable. Then they throw the net over him! These are 'how' explanations (or pseudo-hows). The 'why' will never be answered and so we are stuck with the maps of the scientist, these maps or 'how’s' are, of course, drug chemistry and psychology. It is very unfortunate that modern civilisation is so hypnotised by these maps.

This is why the word 'hallucination' is so useful to the psychologists.

That’s the end of this round of how’s and whys.

But in the 1940's, the psychologists did not get to the phenomenon first.

So what happened in the 1940's? The atom bomb of spirituality, LSD, was discovered by Albert Hoffman, and Hoffman's peers and indeed by the same class of people working on the Manhattan Project, but today the luminaries of physics are guilded with undeserved glamour while LSD is the seed of Satan with long stretches in jail for the modern explorer.

How times change!

I'd imagine genuine trippers are out there but they are unknown. You never know, maybe they cracked death? In India they teach that the true sage who is 'ananda' or one swimming in immortality, and will be so content, that they will be silent.

When Ramana Maharshi realized the atman, he almost starved in a cave and was being eaten by insects until a passer by pulled him out. Even after been 'saved', the Maharshi stayed in silence for years until be was asked to speak).

But this isn't good enough and the planet won't be saved with silence. If Isaac Newton finally solved the puzzle of gravity and then sat under the tree happy, we will still be swinging from trees!

So let's imagine an alternative universe were Albert Hoffman is ranked with Albert Einstein.

If you see the progress physics had since the dropping of the bomb, and when you realize both had the same head-start but the atom bomb of spirituality was suppressed, then you realize that maybe if things turned out differently then a kind of mental equilibrium were the death-fear didn't lead to cheap pap and the immortality symbolization of reality where we fear transcendence and instead the mortgage becomes the meaning to your existence.

"Once one receives the message one hangs up the phone". Alan Watts

We don't need a chemical to hear the highest teaching. Get it from reading! With the highest teaching we can enjoy life once more, like the pagans did, without stressing over a future or wanting to pass on a house

to our kids because we have been trained to think the bricks are our only legacy, so we think we are leaving our kids something, when in fact the immortal never dies! In a way the psychologists are right in saying civilization is built on the fear of death and the mortgage industry feeds off the fear. When you get the message you know you won't wake up the masses but at least you can liberate yourself, and reign over the world.

The main message is anyone's guess. I must add that it isn't the drugs that are 'doing it', though that isn't what this book is about. But I'll just like say that the big mistake is to think that consciousness is in the bottle, as it were.

Consciousness, we know what it is, but when asked, we don't know what it is.

Indeed, it's very hard to find consciousness in the neurons, but this book isn't about that. But before we get to the drugs, I will add that the more we map the brain, the less we know when it should be the other way round. If an explorer climbed a mountain and then told you the mountain wasn't there, you will conclude that there wasn't a mountain. It is the same with consciousness studies. Like the mountain climber, brain scientist knows that consciousness isn't there but he says lies to himself and claims that it is.

Spiritual Atom Bombs and Monkey Dust

A great event happened at the end of the Second World War. The atom bomb was dropped over Japan. The world shuddered at this triumph of Albert Einstein's physics.

At this time, the Gods delivered an antidote to the bomb. Albert Hoffman discovered what was known back then as the 'atom bomb of spirituality'; LSD. This is why the riders travelled across the globe to see him. Many went to India, but the riders who really broke through to the other side, those who became apostles of God; they wanted to see for themselves Dr Hoffman, who they called 'the second Albert' (after Albert Einstein).

These riders did it right, as we shall see, only the few have had the hit. When hit good, the human animal was cleansed of the sickness of evolutionary determinism and the spirit is made flesh by Hoffman's potion. Buddha, Jesus and Krishna reveal their shadow when basking in the sunshine of these chemicals.

The handcuffs and the long prison sentences were around the corner. As well as long stretches in jail, a new moral compass was formed. Drugs became the new demons.

The early Christians used the demon to fight their opponents, now everything was labelled 'drug' and the spirit molecules were lumped with crack and meth!

The early Christians did the same trick. The great pagan philosophers were called 'possessed' or 'evil' because they didn't fit the program.

The same mentality pointed at them is today pointed at the psychonaut’s.

Spiritual atom bombs have always been with us. Lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD) is one. The true psychonaut will point out that it isn't the chemical which contains the spirituality. They say the chemical is a doorway. The spirit realms are opened. The chemicals are a mysterious swinging door and that is all that can be said.

The Chemical Obelisk and Baboons

Scattered around Earth and, indeed, created in the lab, chemical obelisks exist along with scientific materialism like a spirit hitching a ride. Scientific materialism is accepted by all, as it should be, the spirit hitching the ride is made illegal for all, as it shouldn't be!

Lysergic acid diethylamide is one such spirit or a 'chemical obelisk', invented by Dr Albert Hoffman, in a Swiss lab, and made famous in the counter culture, the potential, however, was not tapped. The chemical obelisk was not noticed by the human race back then and, to make it worse, middle aged men today claim to know the LSD experience, but they are the most blind.

But why use the image of an obelisk when describing a chemical?

I have taken the obelisk image from the film, 2001 a space Odyssey.

I remember that film; aliens arrive to a million years BC, a time when we or, our ancestors were hurling bananas at one another. The aliens stick a big black obelisk in the sand and leave. The monkeys, who have never seen a carved image, go crazy.

I forget the punch line and what was the point of the obelisk exactly, but I think the idea was to place an impossible object there for the monkeys to

see and the object will shove this baboon like creatures along to the stars. Then the film ended.

What if there are real obelisks? What will make modern baboons, you and me, got wild over like those baboons in the film and hopefully evolve? It has to be an experience outside of the human imagination, a catalyst for the sick animal, you and me. The catalyst will have the potential to step you and me out of the animal, for a few hours. Unfortunately, I'm only talking. This may all be fantasy, however, there are chemicals made highly illegal by the powers of the planet and some, like Terence McKenna, have identified these as the impossible things, the trap door to fairy land.

This impossible thing, or the chemical obelisk, was supposed to shoot us to a bigger mystery, but I can't write about it because the shove didn't happen, but the chemical is still there, waiting, like the impossible object in the film that evolved the baboon like creatures.

The trouble is that we have mistaken our inventions as a substitute for the transcendental object and so we anesthetize ourselves. We anesthetize ourselves by accumulating wealth, playing games and screwing one another because we are happy with the knowledge that 'this is it', as they say. But we only convince ourselves that this is it because we dazzle ourselves with our genius, believing that all there is has been cracked.

Mistaking human made genius for the impossible object is circular thinking. We invent for others to see but we chase our human tails to infinity, thinking we are getting somewhere. The true impossible object will be so dumbfounding that you will be deeply troubled, and then you will reign over the world!

You can Google a man made weird thing like the Penrose impossible object and these days there are many weird and crazy art forms. However, we modern people have progressed to such a state that all this amazing technology is no longer impossible, in other words, or more truthfully, it wasn't impossible but only a reflection of human brains. But surely there must be an impossible thing outside of the human brain? No, we think! The Penrose impossible object gets no one mad like that troop of ferocious baboons in the film, surrounding the giant obelisk, and neither do the latest CGI films give us a hit because we know that it is all man made. As for me, the latest image from the Hubble telescope sends me to sleep and virtual reality is a type of self-transcendence downwards to a silicon chip playpen for me, a silicon prison designed by a human master, who is a geek. To make matters worse, today, with our magic

technology, we tend to conclude that this is it and that we have peaked. Even if we invent nothing else, we will conclude that there is nothing else to invent. We will never say that it is the limits of our central nervous system which is stopping us.

We will then be cave people with our screen time.

In 2001 a Space Odyssey, the aliens planted that black obelisk there because the monkeys had reached their evolution, or, they stopped evolving. So the obelisk acted like a catalyst which kick started human evolution.

Here is the weird part. The chemical obelisk isn't fiction.

Today there are no big black obelisks, instead we have chemical obelisks and this is what we will explore together. These chemicals do something, and we must leave it there.

I use the example of the film 2001 and mention evolution. But this is how far the analogy goes. Analogies are used for illustrative purposes only. Taking then too literally will only lead to confusion. It's best to think of analogy and metaphor is pointing or pointers. The Zen masters say it isn't the finger but the thing it is pointing to. That film was only great fiction. These chemical obelisks are very real indeed, highly illegal, demonised by world governments, boxed in medical models, but they produce an experience beyond human, all too human monkey minds.

The only contender for the truth is the psychedelic experience, in the pure and very rare form. As we shall see, these chemicals are not for everyone, and when the masses are partying hard, only a few break through.

The few claim God is there. Some claim to have discovered a Spirit Molecule. Some say Buddhist enlightenment is experienced. Others argue for an evolution of consciousness and still others say the post-death state is the place you visit, while Terence McKenna argued amongst other things, that you meet self-transforming machine elves.

These reports can never be verified because verification is part of the scientific method and the experience, done correctly, is outside of science. The first pioneers of quantum physics, as indeed Maxwell and Newton, will have no problem in accepting something outside of science. It is only the recent second and third tear academic, who is raised to Brahmin status by our culture that thinks science answers everything even when this is a highly illogical position.

Because of the power of science, which is fine, our argument is not against the method, which is fine for human study, but is a dictator when it comes to the chemical obelisk. Because scientists are the new priest class, we can't imagine a truth outside of the verification process. We demand experts to do a study and hand out the findings to the masses. As Da Free John says, we expect 'Proof of the Existence of God Will Soon be Announced by the White House.' This isn't how it works.

In ancient India the guru was the system. A charismatic guru had a teaching; gather followers and they cracked the code. It was the same in ancient Europe. Plotinus had a villa 3rd century Rome and the brightest youths from the ancient would gather to hear the teachings of the sage. They had that much freedom. The real teaching is now lost and the enlightened person probably won't run around broadcasting the message to the world. That was the job of the Christians, who Plotinus hated! The real message never gets broadcast.

So in the ancient world, the revelation was immediate and the freedom was there for the teaching. But they didn't have mass society back then so no one knew.

Today, Plotinus and the guru will be given 24 years hard labour, with murderers and crack heads and that would be the end of them.

But these psychedelics are not only illegal, but because most people are terrified of long prison sentences, the cleverest people on planet Earth stay well clear of these chemicals, not even noticing the obelisk implication. Take the magic mushroom. A mushroom for crying out loud! A mushroom with a chemical, Psilocybin (3-(2-Dimethylaminoethyl), a chemical given to dying cancer patients who report seeing a divinity, and the worlds media are not picking up on the story of a signal placed inside a mere edible mushroom! The cancer trial is interesting. Even in the tight and constrained medical model, dying people saw a divinity!

So here we have a real contender for the mystery of mysteries but the world isn't interested. There is a taboo when it comes to chemicals. The echoes of Judeo-Christian morality are hard to shift. People feel guilt and fear when we talk about drugs. Perturbing the mind is a real HALT to the conversation. We feel that we will lose our mind but psychedelics are physically very safe but the world has moved on. So we are left with of sophists, economists and calculators to explore this chemical obelisk but they miss the mark completely. Like the way the imposter queen kills and replaces the original queen, today the medical model is taking over MDMA like ant, and indeed, the Nicene Christians took over original Christianity.

The original message gets lost and the victor wears clothes but he, or she, it could be a she, has no clothes.

Some human calculators do good work but this isn't ancient Europe or ancient India. In the ancient world, the brightest and the best, as Aldous Huxley said, did the tripping in a serious manner, without the horror of moral guilt. Because money power wasn't the main driver of people, careerism and government budgets could never kill the project.

In our world the best people are either underground or work in other fields. We are not even sure if there are many chemical obelisks or one because only Terence McKenna claims that these chemicals actually exist and most people can't be bothered. Yes many chemicals give a different experience but there are many passage ways to the centre of the Great Pyramid. The chemicals are different but there are many doorways to the one mystery. Lysergic acid diethylamide is one such door. This is why people travelled across the globe to see Albert Hoffman.

Even those who don't but the chemicals being there is a flare or a signal, placed there for you, that you are supposed to experience, they say that the chemicals mimic the full-blown mystic experience reported down through time.

For thousands of years the mystic experience was reported but you had to believe the individual, and, today, buy his or her book! With Hoffman's potion, you are there yourself! As we shall see, it isn't the full mystic experience (that baby you will not meet) but it is a stepping out of your ego, which is a start. In fact, all are able to throw off the ego because the ego wasn't real anyway. So the first step is to get rid of the ego, and you are at the foot of the mountain, though most confuse the foot for the top the same way a virgin will believe masturbation to be the ultimate experience.

Through the Keyhole

Everyday consciousness is like peeping through a keyhole. Imagine looking though the keyhole, you notice the black outline of the keyhole, right? Now in your imagination take the black outline away, and take away the knowledge that you are peeping, and we will believe that what you see is all there is, won't we! We are like enlightened sages with amnesia. There is vastness we can't see because we can't see the damn keyhole. We swim in the Vastness but we are trapped in the peep hole and don't notice.

If this is our predicament, then there must be a way to realize that we are peeping. Psychedelics are the key to seeing truly.

So you need psychedelics? Well yes. Even if you look around the room now, you won't see the black outline of the keyhole. Try it, look around now. You look around and this is all there is, isn't it? An easy mistake made by the entire human race!

If you look through a keyhole you are aware that you are only looking though a tiny slit. This is real knowledge. The ones who don't know this are in illusion. This is how consciousness works but in normal everyday illusion we can't see the shadow of the keyhole.

As crazy as it seems, we are slits but we don't know it. Psychedelics allow you to see the door frame. After you have the psychedelic experience, though I don't like that term, you realise that the ego is only a slit which you have been mistaking for the real consciousness, like mistaking the keyhole slit for and all consciousness. Those who have never had the experience will never understand so you have to write metaphors like looking through a slit... But these are only writings; they are only trying to point to things. These are pointers so they are not the truth. A classic book on the impossibility of explaining is Perfect, Brilliant, Stillness by David Carse.

So that's the little rundown on illusion. But this is only a pointer. Taking it too literally will only lead to confusion the way Indians keep calling the mystery 'Ocean' even though the content is on another subject. So all this slit business is only a pointer, as are most explanations. David Carse says that it is a severe hindrance is trying to memories all these examples and walk about thinking you know. So remember that the example is not the real thing.

Saying that we live in reduced consciousness only implies a bigger consciousness but this explains nothing. How about the rare ones who claim to have gazed at all the habitations of God the time it took their backside to hit the floor? Or those who claim to have come back after a few hours under the influence and said that they were gone for thousands of years? Or how about those who spoke to intellects?

Physics of Evolving

We can only read these cases and wonder. To wonder and be happy is the ultimate Way but we are not satisfied. We cook up models like 'hallucination' or, to make it even more scientific sounding, 'epilepsy'. Explaining nothing but you model will never get you to the knowing.

The excitement the early physicists experienced on teasing open the material gates to the quantum Thing is the same feeling the early LSD people felt when they plunged into the s-elf space, an alien s-elf space,

and, I might add, the way quantum physics has, if not demolished, but questioned the empirical world, or to put it more truthfully, put the solid world on the ontological backburner until they find the true prize, the immortal tangent, LSD did the same for those who took the plunge, but the implications failed to spill over into the culture like quantum mechanics did. Instead, all LSD did was give to the world techno colour shorts, sophomore New Agers and a medical profession quantifying and number crunching, as they do because it is their job to scientize everything. So like good monkeys, the party animals got high, LSD got bottled in self-help which went nowhere and the physicists ran away. And that was the end of LSD.

Those outside the system, the rare souls who glimpsed immortality but didn't broadcast it, went to India in search of a map for the territory, or they took a pilgrimage to the second Albert.

This is why these people were surprised that a conservative, boring guy, Dr Hoffman, was behind their magic potion.

There is a less well known boring man, a vacuous man in fact, a dry stick who deserves oblivion post haste, but for a book he published, 'DMT: The Spirit Molecule'.

Dr Rick Strassman, this dry bureaucrat, this charisma vacuum who is so boring, didn’t make as big an impact as Albert Hoffman but who should be as famous as Copernicus or Galileo, or at least his study at least deserves to be attacked by religion and the cardinals of scientific materialism. Alas, they no longer burn books; they ignore them and pretend the DMT study never happen. At least Galileo had some jolly fun, and very intellectually, with super seriousness enemies who tried to tackle him. Dr Rick Strassman's study has crushing silence.

These days we are all dazzled by our technology and even a kid will never ask, "Who am I". Albert Hoffman was born in a different age to ours, an age which saw free kids still residing in the higher self, rather than this ego, and everything was newer back then, and less synthetic than it is now. Today we are fixed to our screens, and not suspecting an inner beyond is within us. The more we stare into our screens, the more this Matrix dazzles us all into distracted narcissists.

LSD was seen as an antidote to the tendency of humans to turn into machine like humans running hamster wheel of the machine but in a state of sleep. We don't really notice our sleeping state. Only with a good psychedelic do we awaken out of the robotics.

The modern academy won't go near the DMT phenomenon, and the modern scientists are even more dogmatic than the cardinals from the

days of Galileo. It is hard to fathom this today, but the top minds in Galileo's day refused to look through the telescope. They had very good intellectual critiques. Most argued that Galileo was hallucinating! To argue that your opponent is hallucinating is a get out of jail free card. It means you don't have to take on the phenomenon; so many of Galileo's contemporaries went to the grave not looking through the telescope. This refusal is happening today, and with an even bigger revelation than spotting the planet Jupiter.

Case of Permanent Enlightenment?

Before we get to DMT, we'll notice a big difference between LSD and DMT. The difference isn't only in that one is a natural chemical found in your brain and the other, LSD, is a semi-manmade chemical. In a very few cases, some people who tried LSD, and this is a minuscule amount, stayed there. In all psychedelics, including DMT, the window closes as soon as the drug wears off and, in the most profound experiences, you forget everything like when you forget a great dream. This is a mystery which we will look at. However, both chemicals (a hate using the word 'drug') are portals to something, a new SOMETHING, like Gaussian geometry and Riemannian manifolds but deeper, something from the beginning of time and, like the way we know that there are higher truths to Euclid, who was for the greatest minds, once impenetrable, higher spaces and still higher consciousness's are there, only just being discovered by psychedelic trippers. The universe manifests from physics. The planets, evolution, the single cell amoeba, dinosaurs, comets, mammals and you and me came after the physics. If there are other laws, then these travelled along from the start, travelled along for the evolutionary ride and this something is inside us now. Looking through your eyes is the ego but something else is there, mixed with the ego. Psychedelics are able to wipe away the ego and the unborn is revealed and you are immortal!

Even evolutionary people admit that physics is before evolution, though I once saw Richard Dawkins struggle to wrap natural selection around the Big Bang! This guy doesn't even know the second law of thermodynamics!

The other law, the law responsible for consciousness and its higher mysteries, is also before evolution. There may have been something else at the beginning which hitched a ride. Only the church of modern physics will argue against this. In Mind and Matter, Erwin Schrodinger speculated that there may be something more, he leaves it there, and leaving it there is easily said for a top flight genius, to wonder whether there is more, and to know that no harm is done. Only the scholar and the teacher shy away from wondering, and it is also easily said by the open minded simple girls and guys going about their day, in other worlds, the bottom also wanders if there is more and like Schrodinger, they feel no guilt. It is the middle rung academic who holds tight to the dogma like a

middle rung priest of old. Says Pascal, "Knowledge has two extremes which meet; one is the pure natural ignorance of every man at birth, the other is the extreme reached by great minds who run through the whole range of human knowledge, only to find that they know nothing... but it is a wise ignorance which knows itself. Those who stand half-way... pretend to understand everything... they get everything wrong."

Pascal is talking about the middle rung, the central party, they ‘know’ but know nothing.

Before we go on I will make a disclaimer. That which isn't of this world, but is in this world, can never be described, and, to make matters worse, those who try to describe create a false object and worship that object. This then moves the mind away.

Says Dennis McKenna, "The problem with DMT, and part of its challenge, is that the experience is inherently ineffable; it cannot be described in ordinary language, it is translinguistic. You come down, slam back into your body, out of breath, suffused with ecstasy, babbling, sobbing. And yet we are linguistic creatures, and there is a nearly irresistible impulse to try to describe it. This begins almost immediately following the trip, as if verbalization were a protective reflex. DMT is more than the mind can handle; it's overwhelming in its raw nakedness; we feel compelled to try to stuff it back into some kind of linguistic box, and yet to do so is to diminish it. When compared to the experience, all description fails. This is part of the mystery of DMT. It is a phenomenon that can be repeatedly experienced, and yet it is as astonishing the hundredth time as it was the first, and something that strange is worthy of our attention."

Dennis is saying that memory isn't the thing. You can hear Mozart and be moved by the experience but after a few hours, when the music is gone; your memory of Mozart isn't the thing. You can even have the tune playing in your head but once the real music starts again, the memory vanishes because it wasn't real.
It is the same with the psychedelic experience. After the trip, you are back, and the memory of the thing is playing. So keep this in mind.

So Dennis is right but he misses the crucial thing. The reason for the impossibility of a description and a visualisation isn't because a complexity which will be cured by a better syntax or a better language or a better graphics board. It is a mistake to suppose that we see with our eyes and that an artist can see for you. The brain operates, or sees (aunschauung), with the categories of space, time and causation. These are categories evolved inside and which this universe operates from. The categories of space, time and causation are found in the universe and in us. All of our science, our history, our art and everything operating in

relativity in this world of space, time and causation are a reflection of this frequency.

What DMT does is it swaps the categories for different `tunings', that is, your space, time and causality categories change and so the DMT universe is now operating on a different frequency of space, time and causation. In the DMT universe, you understand everything happening to you. However, when you return to this universe, when your categories flip back to `normal', the DMT language, the art, those multi-silly puns, the tragedy make no sense at all. This is why it is impossible to bring it back.

When the molecule wears off, the categories of space, time and causally fix back to this universe and you are left confused by what took place. You are confused because you jumped into one geometric reality that you function in, back to this geometric reality which you function in. The confusing is because of memory. This mind is trying to remember that mind. Terence McKenna likens it waking from a complicated dream that you understood in the dream but turns to gibberish when you're out of the dream. In the dream an object can have multiple meanings the way a pun has two meanings. Imagine an object with 6 meanings that you understand perfectly in the dream. It sounds impossible from this `waking' state but Terence McKenna says this is what happens.

Now the innocent artists who don't know this try to create the experience with technology. But they are making a grievous mistake because technology is of this world whilst DMT is not of this world because and because the frequencies of space, time and causation are different, using our frequencies of space, time and causality only reveals our art. The artist's rendering of glowing trees, naked metallic nudes and pink slugs with three eyeballs only reveal the human imagination in this frequency of space, time and cassation.

All this means that DMT will never be boxed into the human imagination because the human is operating on a different frequency and so is the universe. Arthur Schopenhauer writes that only after you die, with the dissolution of the brain, do you go to the other categories of space, time and causality.

You can say, therefore, that we are asleep, or, as C.G.Jung called our world, "The land of the dead". In the land of the sleepers, there is evolution and the biological animal. There is a reason for our sleeping state. We are asleep so we can harness scientific materialism. Unfortunately, materialists make the mistake of believing that because of the success of scientific materialism, divinity is dead.

LSD was once called the atom bomb of spirituality because it reveals again the divinity; it takes you there, in an instant. Before LSD, spiritual

practices like yoga or meditation can be frustrating and many seekers get nowhere, and after years of meditation or studying yoga. Before LSD, spiritual practice was like sitting in a car with your foot on the accelerator, trying to go somewhere. Before LSD, scientific materialism vanquished spirituality like the way the sun vanquishes the stars in the morning sky.

With the discovery of LSD, you are forced to have your foot on the break, for sure! LSD takes you there! There is no pussy footing about with meditation when you can be there in a flash!

Of course, the brake is a metaphor, there is no brake and so you can shoot too far and crash and for many trippers, the break truly didn't work, and so the asylums are full of burnt out people who shot too far or had a bad trip which lasts for ever. For the majority, the drug wears off and you are sober once more. This is basically psychedelics 1.1.

Psychedelics 1.1.

But you may be thinking, surely the drunken buffoon who went mad over the weakened doesn't fit the above description? Surely the addict shooting up under a cold bride somewhere and who sometimes goes crazy on 'shrooms' or street LSD isn't walking in the God sphere?

They act drunk to me, you may be thinking! Take laughing gas. Most laugh, hence the name. When he inhaled, William James saw God and the difficult philosophy of Hegel were confirmed, with a knowing beyond mentality, for him, by inhaling laughing gas. In India they will say that James in a born yogi and as we shall see below, the Indian wisdom explains why the majority merely hallucinate dancing mice, as McKenna used to say, and a few get to God.

Terence McKenna spoke of people who dabbled and thought they had the experience. The dabbler is well intentioned and means nobody any harm. But the dabbler is like a teenager did it only once in his life and declared that he has experienced sex with a supermodel! Now if the teenager stopped with that one experience and, as an old man, wrote books and started telling you about this mysterious experience and how it sorted his life out, you, yes you, know he isn't being honest. You know not in an elitist was or a nasty way. You can still respect the story the man spins but you just know. Even if the old man is very well intentioned, you have a different knowing. Unfortunately, in our world, most people respect the 'credentialed' man.

This different knowing is the psychonaut. Today there are old men; some have beards, who speak about LSD with confidence and what it did to

them in the 1960's. They are the ones who merely dabbled. The Truth, the psychonaut, never speaks. Indeed, the man who coined the word has never spoken! The psychonaut has been to eternity and as Thomas Carlyle once said, "Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity."

Today in middle age, those who dabbled write articles to do with psychedelic hallucinations and what these hallucinations tell us about consciousness. But you do not hallucinate when you break through. It is true that at low planes hallucinations take place. The majority experience this, like the dabbler. But those who have shot the mark and are no longer of this world are not hallucinating.

But the dabbler who is now a professor, and who is a very nice man, feels like he had LSD as a teenager, he had a hallucination and now he declares that you hallucinate on psychedelics!

Because he admits to have tried LSD in the 1960's, he has an unearned gravitas and his peers see him as a maverick.

It is the same with people who practice yoga and meditation. Some even claim that yoga and meditation give you the same experience as the chemical obelisk experience!

This book isn't about the recreational drug users, the dabblers who are now academics and the general academic sleep. This book is about those who shot through to oblivion.

The ones who tripped forever are the interesting cases. There have been a few cases which suggest that some stay there, even when the LSD is long gone from the body.

Stanislav Grof, mentions a man in the asylum in a permanent Hell realm and the only treatment is to drug him up with chemicals that can block the permanent trip he is in (Gnostic Media podcast). In other words, drugs are used to close the door the psychedelic opened.

Once they lower the prescription, he's back in the Hell trip. He took LSD in the 1960's and remains in the trip to this day.

The old myth was that consciousness is in the chemical has to be seriously doubted. It isn't the LSD which makes you hallucinate. Sure, on one level there is a hallucination, but many levels existing. The man has no LSD in his system but he remains in the place the LSD took him to. If it was a hallucination, he will be sober when the chemical wears off.

The chemical is a key to the mystery. The man in the Hell had the gate opened and he remains there. He needs anti-psychoactive chemicals to close the gate, as it were.

The asylum patient is in a permanent Hell but there is no LSD in his system, so suggesting some got to the permanent Heaven.

This is a reverse enlightenment case. You expect to be in Heaven and to be there when the chemical is gone from your system. The only cases of permanence with LSD seems to be the people who are in a state of Hell all of the time and who need drugs to bring them to normality. But only the bad trips make it to hospital.

How about the good trip that stayed when the chemical disappeared from the body? There isn't one case and this is how it should be. If an individual stepped forward and claimed to have taken LSD in the 1960's and is in Heaven 24/7, then that is serious egoism, isn't it? These characters then sell books and host podcasts and do the snake oil salesman routine. However, if an individual became the shoes of God Almighty after the drug wears off, like the patient in the lunatic room, then he's walking around today but he will never crave publicity, because only limited ego's think fame matters. What do they need fame for? What is fame to an enlightened sage who knows for certain nothing exists, who sees appearances as illusions, to which the inexpressible is apparent.

What do they need recognition for? Why write books when you are immortal and you see us as fleeting and transitory? They will never proclaim that they are in the same mind-realm as God Himself.

There is an ancient Hindu text, The Ashtavakra Gita, which is a description similar to the aloof state of enlightenment you will expect form a truly enlightened being.

With LSD, only 1 in a thousand got to God, while the rest danced the night away and a few went to nightmarish places. The chapter on LSD is closed. Today the people who danced the night away are now middle aged professors and they claim to know the psychedelic experience. They now practice meditation or yoga and they say that they don't need psychedelics and they get the same experience when practising yoga or enlightenment! Terence McKenna once joked that if he was in that state all of the time, he will be alarmed, and probably get knocked over by a bus! These well-meaning middle aged men and women only dabbled and even though their experience was profound, they have no idea about the portal to the Gods. They call the psychedelic experience 'medicine' or 'healing' and this gives the game away. At least the Hippies in the 1960's had the better map!

It is the same with Indian spirituality. Many who travelled to India and had a profound experience mistake their ecstasy for the real deal and write books about enlightenment and host talks which they wrongly call 'satsanga'. Satsanga is an ancient Sanskrit word, well described in the Vasistha Yoga, and it means being in the vicinity of One who has transcended the body and who resides in eternity. So you can see the mad egoism of those who today give satsang on You Tube!

Sadly, these people too dabbled as teenagers, as they proudly proclaim, and now as professors sincerely give advice on yoga, meditation and psychedelics, thinking that they know. But with the case of LSD, back in the 1960's, only 1 in a thousand LSD-heads got to be God, for a few hours, and even fewer remained there forever. Many did it and experienced perfection but they mistook their high-ness for the ultimate ecstasy. But the ultimate lasts for ever and you won't return because the real state is outside space-time, it is eternity. **"Amongst thousands of persons, hardly one strives for perfection; and amongst those who have achieved perfection, hardly one knows me in truth"** (Bhagavad Gita 7-3).

Set and Setting!

Before we get to DMT, I will like to explain why 'set and setting' is now very dated. Back in the 1960's, the raging fashion was behaviourism. Leary and Alpert were behaviourists. This isn't a conspiracy. They meant well, however, Leary and Albert were to the bone materialists and the above example to do with why some saw God while some danced the night away, even though the set and setting was identical, is in the Bhagavad Gita rather than the dusty black and white Harvard lab.

The rage today is indeed DMT. In the book by Dr Rick Strassman, we have parallel universes. The individual isn't affected as in the LSD trip. It is claimed that she remains the same but she is flung to a far off universe.

A new compound is discovered which isn't as elitist as LSD. This molecule is found in our body. Amazingly, all who take the molecule burst into a realm populated with s-elves and clever beings who talk?

Dr Rick Strassman conducted a study with the chemical N,N-Dimethyltryptamine, or DMT for short. The subjects reported seeing other dimensions as real as this text you are reading, but in 4D, and in a definition unimaginable to the eunuch brains Galileo had to contend with and the politicians and the authorities we have to wrestle with all our lives in the modern world.

N,N-Dimethyltryptamine is illegal and even though we carry this on you now, that is, the chemical is inside your body, naturally, it is still illegal and forever closed off to spirituality and real philosophy and science.

Since the study by Rick Strassman, there is silence.

And even though Dr Strassman's test subjects are reporting worlds of Galileon proportions, with titanic implications for our decaffeinated existence, still, the authorities sweep the other world under the carpet.

That's right, Strassman's study, a study with scientific legs, ripped a hole in the dreary materialism that engulfs our boring lives. This is the theme of this essay, our boring lives and the other place being discovered by science.

So all this ontological masturbation is my clumsy way of writing against

"Whence come I and whither go I? That is the great unfathomable question, the same for every one of us. Science has no answer to it". Max Planck wrote these words over 100 years ago. I believe that DMT is a clue.

Terence McKenna once said that, "For approximately 500 years [science's] argument for its pre-eminence was that it could create beautiful toys: aircraft, railroads, global economics, television, spacecraft. But that is a fool's argument for truth! I mean that's after all how a medicine show operates, you know: the juggler is so good, the medicine must be even better!

Max Planck argued that the aim of scientific knowledge is merely the moving of matter and energy from here and there, that is, science will never be the meaning, rather, science "is an incessant struggle towards a goal which can never be reached. What Planck said still holds true today. Science must ever wander on her thorny but fascinating path; she is like a mountain climber, who every moment imagines that she'll reach the highest peak, but soon discovers behind it a higher one still. The climbing goes on forever and ever.

Therefore, scientific materialism has no answer to the Planck question. And just think, Max Planck witnessed the fruits of scientific materialism full on; I am talking about the blood bath of the two World Wars. The lesson of this is that we can't do much worse than Planck's generation, and that great generation invented quantum physics. Go figure!

Materialism, be it philosophical or musical, will never deliver on her promise.

Rather than trusting what the other guy tells you, trust yourself to navigate soundly between the combine, with its sharp edges of happiness and pain and you will get the results. Between these edges the river, life flows on. The trick is not to capsize and fall on a sharp edge. The real secret is to navigate your world, through the howling mountainous waves of people and their opinions; and just float along the river of life, or, to use the old cliché, `go with the flow'.

It is only when your vehicle capsizes on one of the edges that life becomes a problem. By flowing with life, I mean acceptance in which you are, rather than what the other guy thinks you are. The other guy feeds off your fears and your desires, so don't (overly) desire and don't fear, observe your surroundings; the guy is not in the room with you now. Your body is always present, your mind is not. Your mind is somewhere else. Take back your mind!

The truth always leaks out in the end, you see, as it's doing today, with millions suspecting their slavery isn't reason why they were born. Still, the truth will probably get trivialized and boxed or made into a fashion or a fad, though a fad containing a divinity; like the film, The Matrix: bound to enjoy, for the time being, some sort of noisy success; but a sufficiently dumb and soul-killing work, to appeal to the growing number of mechanical slaves, that crawl about our planet, posing as free; all destined to prove, ultimately, of no avail. Time will tell.

In the DMT study by Dr Strassman, the shadow of God was revealed to the participants on the hospital trolley, this is what they are saying. Though nowhere do they use my lazy word, 'God'. Being Americans, they say 'UFO', or 'Aliens' or 'greens' and 'entities'; so I hope you can appreciate me sticking with God.

We should keep in mind, however, that for most people, the word 'God' has been bled dry of meaning. Obviously the God up there, who hung the stars like lamps in heaven, has little meaning today, the DMT world, a world of cascades and horror, is full of meaning; this is the message.

Why should we still use the word God, if the concept is a hollow shell? Well I'm not obsessed with grey aliens, you see, or unidentified flying spaceships and I have neither the wit nor verve nor the power of utterance to invent a new word, so I will stick with God, but in a less fire and brimstone way.

Fire and brimstone will surely get knocked out, and in the first round too, by the DMT flash. A flash because, like the flash of a camera, the experience is that quick; well about ten minutes, which is lightning quick

when compared to the average 9 hour psychedelic trip. This is the DMT experience.

The DMT flash reveals a world that is impossible to exist, but is does; like the music of Bach but in a higher definition or Einstein's equations before Einstein was born (insert your favourite impossible thing). Or a shining light bulb not connected to electricity.

So to my mind, gathered from the 'trip reports' in this book, and now on You Tube, consciousness is more than an algorithm, and the way Kurt Gödel proved that mathematics, at the highest lever, is more than a closed system, well is seems that consciousness, even though algorithmic at the base level, is Godelian strange at the higher level. That is, Kurt Godel showed that mathematics can release formulas out of the equation that shouldn't be there, so DMT is revealing 'entities' that should definitely not be there!

Therefore we can argue that it is the limited horizon of Dan Dennett and his peers that convinces them that the mind is mere brain goo. This isn't their fault, they are only going with evidence, unbeknownst to them that piling up a stack of evidence can never plug the hole on certainty, you see, like the example of the balloon giving you and I a better vantage point, molecules like DMT rip the mind out of the mind equals brain dogma, to open up a higher horizon. No wonder these things are illegal!

Personally, I reckon that we need no longer fear death because of this (we can still fear dying though) and we can stop worshipping the dreary materialism that is hurting our planet so badly, like a furious madam with a tight chain, because we believe 'this is what we deserve' or 'we can't get any better'.

If what is in this book is true, we can forget atomic colliders and our fascination with human genome projects; they have their place in our world, of course, but what Dr Strassman's study has uncovered, and this is science at the cutting edge remember, what he's done is to point towards salvation after death and a real delving into the possibility of a post death reality for you, me and the girl selling crack down the road.

Salvation after death you say? After reading what the DMT test pilots are reporting; I wonder. The studies that Dr Rick Strassman conducted are suggestive of doorways to something lurking just before birth and existing way beyond life: so claim those who have witnessed! The doorways must be the portals to the higher lights His Holiness The Dalai Lama speaks of; otherwise the human race contains madness in the head, madness that the DMT experience is revealing in all who take it. This word,

'hallucination', is merely a get out of jail free card for reductionist psychology. If you can't explain it, it's a hallucination. It is most unfortunate for the academics that the hallucinating excuse holds no water when in the presence of the Titan. The DMT Titan is an entirely different order from your hum drum multi-coloured merry-go-round trip.

What is this different order of experiencing that will not fit our words, this thing we all fall into, when we take DMT? It transcends language and understanding but the closer you search inside the more will be revealed to your startled eyes. We are so close to the zero point, we are that close to the transcendental object that all we need to do is to plough the Dimethyl Palace, like a serf ploughing the Lords field, and there it is!

McKenna resurrected the psychedelic corpse back in the 1980's and early 1990's. When the rest were watching Dallas and worshipping Ronald Ragan, the hyper charismatic Terence McKenna would tour the United States and tell his eyed witness testimony of the field to those who cared (not many did care back in the yuppie 80's). Terence talked and raved, and then he died.

The thing that the DMT experience does, so claim Strassman et al, is to show you the doorway into a hyper-reality. This is exciting, however, because of the propaganda; only those already in the know will ever get to hear the good news.

Terence McKenna, the godfather of the DMT craze, used to say that in a propaganda free society, the DMT experience would make headlines, 10 feet tall. McKenna often spoke in reverence of the DMT world and he was convinced that "this experience is of a fundamentally different order than anything this side of the yawning grave" (Terence McKenna).

McKenna argued that trying DMT isn't like trying a bicycle or wind surfing, hobbies that if you never tried between vagina and grave you would not be at a loss. Oh no, DMT is not a mere fad, 'it is your birth right' (McKenna). Spinning widgets or sitting in a neon-lit cubical isn't the reason why you were born. The real reason for your birth, according to Terence McKenna and all real philosophers, is that the DMT place is so real and this invisible presence gives you an itch for something that you cannot scratch. An itching for the metaphysics that the 'philosophers' in the academy have abandoned for university careers and a place in the New York Time best sellers list

The DMT: Spirit Molecule book is a few years old now and the idiots we call our neighbours are still reading Harry Potter and Dan Brown! "Watch

the documentary and spread the word and I hope the multitudes will awaken", so says the ghost of Terence McKenna (probably)!

Strassman and McKenna, the oddest couple one could come up with. How can two opposite characters, in fact, extreme ends of the personality pole, come to the same conclusion about the DMT experience? There is a hint to the validity of the experience somewhere in this dance of ying and yang.

Strassman and McKenna argue that "the DMT molecule is a trapdoor to the higher lights, made flesh by the dark Gods that turn the millstones of the world". DMT "is THE SECRET". Strassman injected his patients so as to manage the dose for the scientific study. McKenna, on the other hand, smoked royally. So after smoking DMT, you realize that the idea behind life is that your life isn't working the 9 to 5 or getting oblivioned every weekend; rather, your life is a gap between the two eternities where you actually have a chance of finding out what the hell is going on. But if you're consuming the culture dangled before your literate eyes, then you are living somebody else's idea of what is going on. Somebody else's idea of who you are. The DMT experience breaks the shackles of somebody else and throws you into Gods cockpit, for a few minutes.

Terence McKenna joked, well I hope he was joking, that God leaves the room to get coffee, and by some crazy coincidence, this is exactly the same that you take the DMT and this is why the DMT place is so 'GODS KITCHEN but weirdly familiar at once, like a pun but punning a million times over, but you still understand the message.

McKenna's somewhat fetishtic worshipping of DMT is understandable, because "monkey politics" had led him to "utter despair", as it does most people, in fact, Terence McKenna fought the demon of nihilism more than most and he probably battled his demons by hyping the mystery, to repel his personal tremors and to spreading the hope.

However, it is most unfortunate that hope from a preacher of otherness would be off-putting indeed to those who enjoy thinking for themselves; especially in the West were we are rightfully suspicious of this sort of talk. If it’s not Roger Penrose talking about Plato, than why listen anyway? However, Terence McKenna did have a great story to tell and today, because of Dr Rick Strassman's findings, Terence was closer than he dared imagine.

Terence McKenna often spoke in reverence of the DMT world; with the oratory power of an ecstatic poet, and, more impressively, he wasn't high at the time (I hasten to add). McKenna was convinced that "this experience is of a fundamentally different order than anything this side of the yawning grave" (Terence McKenna).

McKenna argued that the DMT flash had repeatability. This is what philosophers are supposed to do, that is, they are supposed to be perturbing their minds eye so as to snap out of the trance they are living in. The Greek philosopher, Plato, called this trance The Cave and he founded the original Academy, in Athens, 2500 years ago, to debate the Cave with his pupils. It is a damn shame then, that today, Plato's descendants are wasting their 1000 months on this planet debating the colour red and writing rubbish that will fly up the profit machine dangling from Oprah's expensive udders, and sit on the New York Times best sellers list.

New York Times best sellers don't ask questions to awaken the slumbering God within you and me. New York Times best sellers never ask are you not after all a citizen of the mystery of life, rather than a consumer of somebody else's idea of what the mystery? They never tell you that someone else has your transcendence already packaged for you and it resembles a flabby version of the mystery, were you are forced to do some job which you not hate, in order to live, before you can devote the rest of your time to what the Hindus would call your sadhana -- the work for which your deeper nature has appointed you: your life's dedication. Instead of devoting yourself to sadhana, the shopping mall is your cathedral and your mortgage is your mausoleum.

Our ancestors spoke of this way of thinking; and it painfully haunts us still. We can add then, that the arrow time is the meat grinder of biology; chewing and spitting at the varied forms; fleeting and hurried into the bowels of oblivion.

An Awkward Dialogue

I was once chatting with a girl and a lad about random things and we got onto the subject of wacky paranormal ideas. The lad, a media studies graduate, was convinced that aliens built the Egyptian Pyramids and, after seeing the film, Prometheus, he was now certain that white people were seeded by spacemen and that our ancestors called these spacemen ‘Gods’ and the helmets they wore had a long oxygen pipe which looked like an elephant trunk and the Indian God, Ganesh, the elephant headed god of Hinduism, is a memory of these space men. All this he gathered from watching the film!

The girl, a bubbly beauty with an interested in poltergeists, was convinced she could see ghosts. Her eyes would sometimes move in a funny way, like the spirit was doing acrobatics. She even had an elaborate pseudo-

scientific theory about electricity waves interacting with the brain which caused her to see dead people.

The talk was friendly enough, and somewhat amusing. I reasoned with them that ghosts could very well be real, and I liked the girls scientific musings; I reckon we've made progress when people use science instead of religion to explain ghosts, and DNA is indeed a mysterious property of the cosmos and even though Prometheus was a bag of baloney, the idea of Gods being spacemen seemed OK. So the talk was friendly, and it is nice to let ones hair down once in a while and relax and talk about crazy things. So the conversation was harmless; until I mentioned my own wacky idea.

I got onto the subject of neurotransmitters and brain tissue. I said that I once read that bananas are rich in the human neurotransmitter, serotonin, and that this was an example of human neurotransmitters that are not found in human brain tissue. The lad and the girl agreed that bananas are very funny objects and conscious bananas are also funny.

The lad said, "Bananas have brains"? He went on, "The aliens, the ones who impregnated the human species with their alien DNA, left serotonin inside the banana for a joke"!

I said, "Here is another weird thing, I read somewhere that there is a mushroom that has a neurotransmitter inside, just like the banana".

I went on, "Now the weird thing is, this neurotransmitter isn't the same as our brain ones. Scientists say that it is almost the same as the neurotransmitters found in the banana, and our brain".

The lad said, "Do you mean magic mushrooms?"

I said, "Yes. There was a far out thinker named Terence McKenna, who says that if you eat magic mushrooms in very high doses, which are only neurotransmitters remember, your universe vanishes, like when you dream, and another universe emerges and this is the chemical bard to the after death state!"

By now I was feeling very clever. I had managed to slip in a little brain science, some Tibetan Buddhism and a parallel universe rolled into the afterlife babble. The clever word 'neurotransmitter' was long enough to give the impression of science, and so I was now ready for the impression of a hot girl impressed. Result!

The girl said, "DO YOU MEAN DRUGS"?

I thought, “Shit”! I tried to use humour by suggesting that aliens put the mushrooms in the path of apes like us, to teach us how to talk proper, but I knew it wasn’t funny as I spoke the words.

The girl was not impressed (she was still sore from an erotic spanking), but the lad was happy to be thought of as a talking ape.

The girl interpreted my Terence McKenna story with a suggestion of injecting heroin under a bridge down town. I had killed the conversation forever.

I could see that the girl was not interested in the conversation, and the lad was somewhere else (he was thinking of asking the girl out, but the she was looking forward to the lesbian punishment she will again enjoy tonight).

I imagined the lad and the girl saying, in unison, "Having never experienced the world as an unfathomable and dreadful riddle; I take the world to be self-evidently 'obviously-the-case' and such a matter of course as two plus two equals four"!

The mass of people, like the lad and girl, have been conditioned by the sausage grinder of education to be number-lings and so they are not wise to mystery. Only a sage is wise because he or she is outside the factory educational system. Factory education is like a meat grinder, churning out the educated ones, who think alike, with their mere learning and responding to the cultural trance of weights and measures. The educated, no matter how intelligent or charismatic, are forever in the trance and this is why they can't step out of themselves.

And the way the girl recoiled from an idea not before heard, well we've all been in this kind of situation when the 'don't be silly' attitude, like a mantra, or an archetype that shields the human from the vastness of the cosmic manifold; or God-manifesting consciousness, is parroted by the sausages.

These days we are far too busy with financial worries to think about the dreadful riddle of life and, if we are honest to ourselves, so are we. We are all in the same boat when it comes to the big riddle; the only difference is that you and I at least try to awaken. It is true however that we are all dazzled by progress, a progress that has us running on a squirrel wheel, and so we believe that our situation will last forever; indeed, we've convinced ourselves that we are not a hurtable carcass that

eats burgers and stenchfully excretes it out of the other end. The years won't wrinkle this fine face, we tell ourselves, and disease won't cruelly hound these tasty organs, we believe! This unbleeding beauty will never age, crumble and die!

Today, we have no sages and we don't die. Indeed, we've swept death under the carpet, and we wear Botox faces. But our Botox face is a biological lie because of the absence of the afterlife. Because of the absence of an afterlife in our civilisation, with neither a heaven above nor a hell below, when we die, nothing remains; we are devoured by the Lord of Darkness!

In Goethe's Faust, the Lord of Darkness says, "I see the learning in what you say.

What you don't touch, for you lies miles away

What you don't grasp, is wholly lost to you

What you don’t reckon, you believe not true

What you don't weigh, this has for you no weight

What you don't count, you're sure is counterfeit".

The girl said, "But there is the downside to your radical spiritual orgasm; only the smartest can peel away the cobwebs of our material world to grasp what is meant by the spirit orgasm. The philosophical lightness of the spirit orgasm won't easily float to the surface with the majority of our friends". The girl went on, "The communication of ideas requires a similitude of thought and language: the lightness of what you say can only be held in the head of the sophisticate, as the discourse of a genius would vibrate without effect on the ear of the peasant. How minuscule is the human intellect especially that of a peasant, when it is compared with a higher mind"?

The lad said, "I think she means you should include did jokes"!

DMT Spirit: Terence McKenna's singularitarian Wrap

Terence McKenna argues that the psychedelic experience via DMT is the doorway to the post-death state. When you smoke DMT, which is a natural chemical found in the human body, you rip through to the ecology of souls. The post-death reality, for which this apparent living world we now inhabit is but a shadow, is revealed, at last, by DMT. Those who've never tried DMT forever dwell in the shadows, all of their lives, not noticing the reality there but hidden by the misperceiving of reality, the optical illusion of the consensus trance.

The Catholics tried to ban Galileo's telescope to keep power. Today, the reason for the worldwide psychedelic ignorance is that the world government wants us to remain permanently in financial turmoil, like slaves on a wheel, shopping for the sake of shopping, eating burgers and sports, with nothing higher to strive for but keeping the financial wheels turning!

For with nothing to strive for but the playpen, the modern human is getting more stuck to the forces of bondage. Psychedelic done properly is the antidote.

So, does DMT offer a look through the swinging door?

The popular notion is that the universe is there if you are not. But the universe needs to be perceived to be real. Schopenhauer writes, "The fundamental tenet of Vedanta is not in denying the existence of the world outside (to deny that would be lunacy), but in correcting the popular idea of it. The world outside has no existence independent of mental perception; that is, existence and perceptibility are convertible terms".

If this sounds like what the quantum physicists are saying, especially Wheeler, then take note that Schopenhauer wrote this in the 1830's, in the supposed grip of Isaac Newton. Schopenhauer was quoting this, written down before that escapade in Galilee, as Schopenhauer calls the revelation of Christ.

All this talk of existence and mind is found in the annals of Germania! Everything

came from, from quantum physics, relativity (special and general), computer science, heroin, ayahuasca, animal brothels, and this little peep in the afterlife.

Now my speculation concerning death..

What DMT does is that it swaps the categories for different `tunings', that is, your space, time and causality categories change and so the DMT universe is now operating on a different frequency of space, time and causation. In the DMT universe, you understand everything happening to you. However, when you return to this universe, when your categories flip back to `normal', the DMT language, the art, those multi-silly puns, the tragedy make no sense at all. This is why it is impossible to bring it back. As an aside, deep dreams are at the same nature as this DMT experience I'm trying to describe.

When the molecule wears off, the categories of space, time and causally fix back to this universe and you are left confused by what took place. You are confused because you jumped into one geometric reality that you functioned in, and back to this geometric reality which you function in.

The confusing is because of memory. This mind is trying to remember that mind. Terence McKenna likens it waking from a complicated dream that you understood in the dream but turns to gibberish when you're out of the dream. In the dream an object can have multiple meanings the way a pun has two meanings. Imagine an object with 6 meanings that you understand perfectly in the dream. It sounds impossible from this `waking' state but Terence McKenna says this is what happens.

Now the innocent artists who don't know this try to create the experience with technology. But they are making a grievous mistake because technology is of this world whilst DMT is not of this world because, and this is a big because, the frequencies of space, time and causation different, so using our frequencies of space, time and causality only reveals our art for this universe. The artist's rendering of glowing trees, naked metallic nudes and pink slugs with three eyeballs only reveal the human imagination in this frequency of space, time and cassation.

All this means that DMT will never be boxed into the human imagination because the human is operating on a different frequency and so is the universe. Arthur Schopenhauer writes that only after you die, with the dissolution of the brain, do you go to the other categories of space, time and causality.

You can say, therefore, that we are asleep, or, as C.G.Jung called our world, "The land of the dead". In the land of the sleepers, there is evolution and the biological animal. There is a reason for our sleeping state. We are asleep so we can harness scientific materialism. Unfortunately, materialists make the mistake of believing that because of the success of scientific materialism, divinity is dead.

Let this modest book open your third eyeball!

In LSD: My Problem Child, Albert Hoffman writes that young people, yearning to break free, would often be taken aback and somewhat surprised as to how boring and completely ordinary a figure he cut; he being the discoverer of LSD and all.

Neil Armstrong was also an intensely private and very boring character; this is why NASA picked him, and not the charismatic Buzz Aldrin, to be the first man on the moon. The fame wouldn't go to his head.

The dry stick award goes to 'my boring life' Nicolaus Copernicus. Even though he demolished 2000 years of religious dogma, biographers struggle in vain to find any dirt on Nicolaus Copernicus, and he has a revolution named after him!

So there really is something to be said for boring people, isn't there? It's as if the boringness of a person is inversely proportional to their honesty; or something like that.

Dr Rick Strassman was one such boring individual who was given the green light to inject patients with the highly potent drug, DMT, in the University of New Mexico in the early 1990's, and what amazing good news he's discovering for our nihilistic age!

After being injected with DMT, Dr Strassman's test subjects report 'Pure Freedom', an escape to another reality, or a breaking out of this sack of entropy, this vehicle of dying we call 'us'. You leave the chains of the monkey, to fly around the universe, to witness space stations orbiting stars, a communion with aliens and machine s-elves. You then fly back to the monkey cage and report your Odyssey. Plato was right. There really is an immortal world for which our world is but a fleeting phantom or a shadow of That world

Terence McKenna is the only thinker that I'm aware of who says this! Most pander to the self-help industry but they miss the true message of the Spirit Molecule. This is why I'm writing this little homage to the late, great, Terence McKenna.

Surely when you are high, you glimpse God and you are so free! God! You never yearn for things or struggle for justice when you are in communion with what McKenna calls, "Your birth right". After all, why get attach to the body when you are not the body? The body is conditioned by the laws of physics and biology. The DMT experience is the trap-door to fairyland. Once you slip through the trap-door, you need never fear grim death.

Death rips the flesh off hope and dangles the laughing skeleton in front of all our noses. The laughing skeleton has convinced hope that she is destined to oblivion and the grave is her final destination. Death says, "I was as you are; as I am, so shall ye be."

Death is the nihilism ripping through the universe. A dark universe where you don't matter is the name of the game for materialism. Nobel Laureate, Steven Weinberg says, "All the explanatory arrows point downward, from societies to people, to organs, to cells, to biochemistry, to chemistry, and ultimately to physics." He thus concludes, "The more we know of the cosmos, the more meaningless it appears".

Steven Weinberg has never been high, let alone tried DMT: The Spirit Molecule.

The nihilism we worship today is a product of a dull consciousness or a cataracts consciousness. A good psychedelic experience removes the cataracts from consciousness the way a nice girlfriend removes loneliness. Evolutionary theory explains why the cataracts and the loneliness and the struggle are here. If we all experienced being high all of the time, we will starve to death. When the sage, Ramana Maharshi, became enlightened, he sat in a cave and the locals discovered a half starved youth being eaten by hungry insects. Ramana Maharshi had to be fed because he was super high. India supplies many examples of gurus who had to be fed because by their devotees because they had fully transcended the body. Who knows, maybe that homeless man we all mistook for a bum, who sat in a corner and died, was a Buddha? In the West, we've learnt nothing. In the West, we are all materialists and we take our evolutionary tuned consciousness as the peak of who we are. Evolution is indeed true, but with one caveat. There is a higher world where consciousness resides. The higher world, the Absolute, is prior to evolution by natural selection because it is prior to nature.

DMT is natural to the human machine so this isn't an escape from the human consciousness. We are indeed robots, but we have the God-Spark. DMT is still legal because if it was open for the mass of psychologists, therapists and counsellors, then the self-help industry will crumple like the walls of Constantinople! When we are

down we call the alternative to human consciousness 'extinction', whereas the enlightened call it immortality. This is the difference between the normal and the awake and this is why psychedelics are a good philosophical tool.

It isn't being claimed here that you have to find an illegal drug or get injected by Dr Rick Strassman. DMT is natural to the human body. Some mystics have had their experiences and they report similar experiences to the apparent chemical experience. And even if we take the apparent chemical experience into our spiritual practice, it must be remembered that the chemical is merely a key. The chemical causes nothing the same way that the eyes do not cause vision and the ears do not cause hearing. Eyes and ears are sensors only but people make the common mistake of claiming to see with sensors! The sensors feed the ego and the sensory world is Maya, a qualified reality. Is what we call ego death the Ultimate place?

I like this quote by the physicist, Nick Herbert, who had an LSD trip where he claimed to be a self without an ego. There is a clip on You Tube. Herbert talks about existing without the self. He says he thought this was impossible but he's been there. I also like what the poet Tennyson records, and is the same as Nick Herbert's report. Tennyson wrote, *"A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This had generally come upon me through repeating my own name two or three times to myself, silently, till all at once, as it where, out of a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was almost a laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it where) seeming no extinction but the only true life... I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said that the state is beyond words"?*

Surely when we die, we enter the state Herbert and Tennyson are talking about?

Tennyson is recording the possibility of another way of being, without the ego (or loss of personality). We can never imagine this, let alone wrap language around this, because we are inside the ego. We believe nothingness is outside the box but this is only the ego.

Bertrand Russell vs. William James

Or mysticism and science: never the twain shall meet.

Bertrand Russell lampooned a man who inhaled laughing gas and saw God, and all the academy could do was to have a giggle and go back to sleep.

William James tried to write down his transcendental experience but all he could muster was gibberish.

This gibberish was all that Lord Russell needed. Russell decided that because James' scribbled gibberish, he, William James, experience nothing, absolutely zilch!

What nonsense! Concluding that William James didn't see God because he wrote nonsense is like me having great sex, followed by a consciousness expanding orgasm and a few minutes later, after I've regained my 'senses', I scribble gibberish on paper. Then for a scientist to come along, read the nonsense I've just written, and tell me that I didn't have sex and that I definitely didn't experience an orgasm! And all from reading nonsense on a piece of paper! This is why all kids know that school exams are a hoax.

A serious problem for the defenders of William James is the lack of repeatability. Surely not everyone has the experience and especially with laughing gas? This is why it is called laughing gas! Most people laugh.

Some, for a mysterious reason which baffles even the initiates, do transcend.

The transcenders can only point and gasp and scribble nonsense. This nonsense is interpreted by the waking ego as nihilism and a waste of time.

In the Gospel of Buddha, we find these words: "He (you and me) will call nihilism what to the Enlightened One is purest Joy. He will see annihilation where the Perfect One finds Immortality. He will regard as death what the Conqueror of Self (Buddha) knows to be Life Everlasting.

The ego will interpret its mystic outer-state as void. The ego is not the place Tennyson 'experienced', the ego cannot go where the Buddha goes. The ego will never understand.

If the ego is seen as real, then Nirvana is nihilism and anything outside the ego is woo hoo.

Psychedelics are a way of being in the state Tennyson and Nick Herbert were in.

It is the function of the ego to hide this from you. We will never know what it outside our ego via the empirical road and via the senses just like we will never guess that the Earth orbits the sun with the eyes.

The idea that the Earth orbits the sun is so counter intuitive, that if you were not taught this in school, you will have no way of knowing this. The illusion of sunrise and sunset is impenetrable.

The philosopher Wittgenstein once asked a friend, "How was it that people thought the Sun orbited the Earth for so long"? His friend said, "Because it looked that way". Wittgenstein responded, "What would it look like if the Earth orbited the sun"?

Being locked in illusion himself, Wittgenstein knew the answer was impossible.

Even scientists believe that the sun orbits the Earth but they pretend that they don't.

Kurt Godel, one of the few people who could terrify the brightest minds of the 20th century, wondered why people can be so illogical in believing that the brain produces consciousness. We are locked into this illusion. The illusion is a moving Sun, a Sun set and a sun rise. The illusion is a part of who we are. And the way our language and stories are based on the moving sun, the same can be said for idea that the brain produces consciousness.

We talk about this, we feel it, we even tell the kids they will die forever when their brain ages and dies. We tell little kids that dreams are inside their head. We tell them that their brain makes mind like a computer makes software. We even tell kids that death is annihilation because we are so sure of our illusions. Most of us can't do tensor equations but we convince the kids about illusion. We point, "Look at the sunset". Illusion.

The illusion is solid. The way there is no way out of the illusion of the Sun orbiting the Earth, there is no way out of the illusion of a local mind in the box.

Before the sceptic retorts that brain science gives results. The same can be said for Ptolemaic astronomy. Ptolemaic astronomy can predict eclipses. The top minds of the day were convinced, both mathematically and by observation, that Ptolemy was

correct. This went on for centuries. The hard problem of astronomy was there for all to see, but it was never to be answered. Only when Copernicus came along did the hard problem of astronomy disappear. There wasn't a problem in astronomy; rather, the problem came with the fixtures and fittings. The system of Ptolemy was thrown out and the problem vanished.

There is a hard problem of consciousness. But if we are locked in illusion, we'll never know the answer. I suspect that most people go about their day, doing commerce, playing games and happily living as they've always done without even suspecting there is a hard problem of consciousness because there isn't. The hard problem is in the imagination of the brain scientist who is locked in a Ptolemaic jail.

Intuition tells me that I am more than what the brain scientists tell me. Brain science tells me that I am an illusion. Between these banks my life flows.

A little Copernican revolution is inside us all!

In the Gospel of Thomas, Jesus said, "Whoever understands these words will not taste death".

Terence McKenna says somewhere that this is why Western science discovered psychedelics, that is, the psychedelic experience dissolves illusion. The psychedelic experience is penicillin for the sick ape. To glimpse what Tennyson describes will clean the human of worry. Terence McKenna said that the DMT experience is our birth right. All we need is a bong and courage!

Terence McKenna speculated that DMT opens the door to the post-death state. McKenna said that being high on DMT he had the feeling that 'this is home', we are somehow home over there. We are in communion with the soul yet born and the souls from eons ago. However, if this is so, and if all knew, then no one will struggle or invent technology or medicines. So is this the reason for our ignorance? So there is a Secret for sure, but it is never meant for the millions. If it were, then we will all be high but the human race will cease to exist. So there must be a reason for the toil and the tears of life. Maybe we are supposed to build our individual Karma and this is why we struggle? Maybe the cycle of re-birth is true after all and those who are about to become Gods in the last-life have the DMT experience the life before?

Rousseau said "Man is born free and everywhere he is in chains." Civilisation is the cage but the cage is a reflection of the monkey mind. As I wrote above, if every man

was free to take drugs, then we'll all starve. The Bhagavad Gita handles these complications with great wisdom. The message of the gita is those according to their talents to those according to their needs. In other words, those born with the urge and the temperament to take the plunge into fairyland must be allowed to do so for the sake of the community. Then these psychedelic Brahmins or ecstatic shamans can report back to the rest of us what they saw and how the rest of us can get there in this world.

Therefore, if true, then the Dimethyltryptamine study deserves to be recognised for what it is; a spiritual Freedom, pure and cleansing, an ointment to wipe away the dreary materialism which troubles our sad world.

Sure, they have ignored this discovery of what I call 'Pure Freedom', but the truth always leaks out in the end. But the millions who don't know about this Pure Freedom, a release from the shackles of time, revealed by DMT, probably never will because of the promotion of the dirty drugs that lead to the Matrix. There are many bondage holders in life, from labouring for nothing or getting shit faced over the week, all kill Pure Freedom.

The millions think that slaving for the Boss, eating curry, and running off to the toilet, is the reason for being born. Verily, we've been brainwashed into mistaking our bondage for freedom. Even if we are told the truth, still, the truth will be trivialized and boxed or made into a fashion or a watered down experience, like cocaine, though a drug containing a divinity, like in organised religion.

Since the dawn of time, those without the ears to hear, who cannot understand Pure Freedom, will organise into a religion with the nobs and whistle, a drip feed spirituality to replace the rush.

A drip feed McSpirituality is a morphing into organised religion, and, truly, it is bound to enjoy, for the time being, some sort of noisy success; but a sufficiently vulgar, dumb and soul-killing to appeal to the growing number of mechanically conditioned slaves that crawl about our planet, thinking have reach real spiritual freedom; all destined to prove, ultimately, of no avail.

Is this how the DMT experience will be packaged? Are we destined to enjoy a diluted drip feed experience, where you have to drink 3 buckets of urine, puke out 2, to get one hit, when modern science has invented the syringe for the chemical of the Gods to be injected the proper way?

In all religions you have God for the millions and Truth for the knowers, the Gnostics. The Gnostics have always been on the edge of the world, peering at the robots and rolling their eyes at human folly.

While millions of seekers are travelling to the Amazon, to willingly get bent over by men sporting penis-shields, others are carrying on the Gnostic tradition

The penis shield isn't for the Western Gnostic (well not for me anyway). Freedom is here now, so running off to South America is running away from freedom. To be a gnostic is to remain in one’s home town.

The Dark Lord erects temples over the masses. The Dark Spirits dampen the rush with a synthetic God to suck in hope and bound Freedom in Chains. Only the gnostic can see and as one awakens from a dream, the gnostic is free.

The Gnostics, residing in Pure Freedom, who take pure DMT, report seeing in another universe. The things Terence McKenna reported seeing. Terence McKenna speculated that DMT could very well be the doorway to the post-death state. Terence said that when you smoke DMT, you rip through to the ecology of souls. The post-death reality, for which this apparent living world we now inhabit is but a shadow, is revealed, at last, by DMT. Those who've never tried DMT live in the shadows all of their lives, not noticing the reality there but hidden by the optical illusion of the consensus trance.

The same reason that Catholic Church tried to ban Galileo's telescope is the same reason for the worldwide prohibition of DMT. The same way Catholics wanted to control the dying process, the New World Order wants to control psychology. The New World Order wasn't you to shop until you drop, but they don't preach heaven and hell, but blackness! The world government wants us to remain permanently in financial turmoil, like slaves on a wheel, shopping for the sake of shopping, eating burgers and sports, with nothing higher to strive for. For with nothing to strive for but mortgage payments, the modern human is getting more stuck to the forces of bondage.

Terence McKenna once spoke of the psychedelic experience being like an antidote for mass materialism. Those who've had the big experience are free from mass propaganda.

So is there prove for a post-death state or at least an alternative to materialist reality? The New Mexico study is at least proof of other universes which can be reached by having the spirit molecule mix with normal brain chemistry.

Some will ask, surely it is a hallucination? DMT participants are dreaming up galaxies and space stations orbiting planets?

So what happened in this study? The shadow of God was revealed to the participants on the hospital trolley, this is what they are saying. Though nowhere do they use my lazy word, 'God'. Being Americans, they say 'UFO', or 'Aliens' or 'greens' and 'entities'; so I hope you can appreciate me sticking with God.

We should keep in mind, however, that for most people, the word 'God' has been bled dry of meaning. Obviously the God up there, who hung the stars like lamps in heaven, has little meaning today, the DMT world, a world of cascades and horror, is full of meaning; this is the message.

Why should we still use the word God, if the concept is a hollow shell?

The DMT flash reveals a world that is impossible to exist, but is does; like the music of Bach but in a higher definition or Einstein's equations before Einstein was born (insert your favourite impossible thing). My favourite weird thing is the Penrose impossible object. Well after you try DMT, those impossible objects have a conversation with you!

Surely when we look down into the DMT flash, we witness grandeurs beyond grandeurs, chasms over chasms, deeps beyond deeps. Just like in mathematics where there are infinitudes of higher orders infinitely transcending lower infinities, so the phenomenon of consciousness cannot be thought of as a revelation of infinities overlapping our hum-drum monkey mind.

We are indeed fish in water. DMT is the shore. The fish who takes the DMT shoots up into hyperspace.

Then you see further. You can right now. If you fly over your hometown, on Google Earth, you notice the higher vantage point straight away. You would never have guessed that there where so many trees surrounding your hometown if you stayed on Earth. Zoom out a little and the view becomes higher. Now you see mountains and seas. You apprehend more because you are high. When you come back down, try explaining what you have seen to your friends. Chances are, if your friends have never risen to those heights themselves, they won't believe you. You will then get thrown into the cooking pot!

So to my mind, gathered from the 'trip reports' online and in Strassman’s book, some

form of consciousness is more than sparks firing inside the brain because the higher consciousness is more than an algorithm, and the way Kurt Godel proved that mathematics, at the highest lever, is more than a closed system, well is seems that consciousness, even though algorithmic at the base level, is Godelian strange at the higher level. That is, Kurt Godel showed that mathematics can release formulas out of the equation that shouldn't be there. So DMT is revealing 'entities' that should definitely not be there!

If you went up in a hot air balloon you will notice the curvature of the planet. It was only your limited horizon that convinces you that the Earth was flat. Indeed, the Earth is flat from where we are standing, this is the point. We can thus argue that it is the limited horizon of empirical psychology and the masses and the mandarins, that convinces them that the mind is mere brain farts. But like the example of the balloon giving you and me a better vantage point, psychedelic drugs rip the mind out of the mind equals brain dogma, to open up a higher horizon. No wonder these things are illegal!

Kurt Godel was one of the few people who could terrify the brightest minds of the 20th century. Godel wondered why people can be so illogical in believing that the brain produces mind. Wittgenstein asked what it would look like if the Earth orbited the Sun! Well the same as this but people still believe the wrong way round. Kurt Godel saw the same sloppy thinking when it came to mind.

See Rudy Rucker 4th Dimension. Bernardo Kastrup's Why Materialism is Baloney contains excellent critiques of the mind equals brain cult.

We see neurons firing and argue that the firing makes consciousness.

But we never say this about electricity. We never say that lightning causes atmospheric pressure; rather, we say that atmospheric pressure causes the lightning.

So does consciousness cause the neurons to fire rather than neurons firing causes consciousness?

Psychedelics have long hinted that the brain doesn’t produce consciousness. Anyway, this isn’t an academic essay. My argument is that DMT demonstrates that the realities reported by the test subjects can never be produced by the human imagination. We are bliss machines and as Martin Heidegger said, "The person isn't a thing or a process but an opening from which the Absolute manifests itself". The brain is an opening which consciousness manifests. When we take high dose psychedelics, more consciousness is rushing through the brain, hence the unfathomable experience.

The brain fires neurons and making consciousness the same way a liver makes bile it a good working hypothesis and is valuable for existing and living in the normal world. But psychedelics offer another hypothesis which is just as sound as the orthodox and apparently real hypothesis. But the orthodox is only as real as the old orthodoxy of the sun orbiting the Earth.

The Amazonian Shamanism industry won't even touch this subject. This is to be expected. Terence McKenna once joked that because they wear penis shields it doesn't mean we can trust them!

Personally, I reckon that we need no longer fear death because of this (we can still fear dying though) and we can stop worshipping the dreary materialism that is hurting our planet, like a furious madam with a tight chain, because we believe 'this is what we deserve' or 'we can't get any better'.

If what is in this book is true, we can forget atomic colliders and our fascination with human genome projects; they have their place in our world, of course, but what Dr Strassman's study has uncovered, and this is science at the cutting edge remember, what he's done is to point towards salvation after death and a real delving into the possibility of a post death reality for you, me and the girl selling crack down the road.

Salvation after death you say? After reading what the DMT test pilots are reporting; I wonder? The studies that Dr Rick Strassman conducted are suggestive of doorways to something lurking just before birth and existing way beyond life: so claim those who have witnessed! The doorways must be the portals to the higher lights His Holiness the Dalai Lama speaks of; otherwise the human race contains madness in the head, madness that the DMT experience is revealing in all who take it. It is far better to see the experience as being not a part of the hallucinating brain, but of a different order of existence. This word, 'hallucination', is merely a get out of jail free card for reductionist psychology. If you can't explain it, it's a hallucination. It is most unfortunate for the academics that the hallucinating excuse holds no water when in the presence of the Titan. The DMT Titan is an entirely different order from your hum drum multi-coloured merry-go-round trip.

What is this different order of experiencing that will not fit our words, this thing we all fall into, when we take DMT? It transcends language and understanding but the closer you search inside the more will be revealed to your startled eyes. We are so close to the zero point, we are that close to the transcendental object that all we need to do is to plough the Dimethyl Palace, like a serf ploughing the Lords field, and there it is!

There is one thinker who ploughed the field of hyperspace and came back with similar stories to Dr Strassman's test subjects. This is why I'm writing this homage to Terence McKenna, the most gifted and remarkable inner-explorer of his generation; indeed, Terence is a psychedelic god at Ronald McDonald's kitchen table.

McKenna resurrected the psychedelic corpse back in the 1980's and early 1990's. When the rest were watching Dallas and worshipping Ronald Ragan, the hyper charismatic Terence McKenna would tour the United States and tell his eyed witness testimony of the Other World to those who cared (not many did care back in the yappy 80's). Terence talked and raved, and then he died.

Happily, Terence's voice has been recorded for you and me to listen to, and if you listen to Terence's testimony, you will realise that only a real witness to the mystery can sound as crazy as he did. It is very hard to fake that kind of ecstasy, you see.

Alas, the well has run dry. There is much hand-clapping over the particle accelerator at Cern, more so than the New Mexico study. It's supposed to mean something to you and me that a particle is proving Einstein wrong. Well what would you do if somebody informed you that you have a better toy inside your head? You would probably stop smashing particles at close to the speed of light, after you experience what happens after a DMT experience.

The thing that the DMT experience does, so claim Strassman et al, is to show you the doorway into a hyper-reality. This is exciting, however, because of the propaganda, only those already in the know, the Gnostics, will ever get to hear the good news.

Terence McKenna, the godfather of the DMT craze, used to say that in a propaganda free society, the DMT experience would make headlines, 10 feet tall. McKenna often spoke in reverence of the DMT world and he was convinced that "this experience is of a fundamentally different order than anything this side of the yawning grave" (Terence McKenna).

McKenna argued that trying DMT isn't like trying a bicycle or wind surfing, hobbies that if you never tried between vagina and grave you would not be at a loss. Oh no, DMT is not a mere fad, "It is your birth right" (McKenna). Spinning widgets or sitting in a neon-lit cubical isn't the reason why you were born. The real reason for your birth, according to Terence McKenna and all real philosophers, is that the DMT place is so real and this invisible presence gives you an itch for something that you cannot scratch. An itching for the metaphysics that the 'philosophers' in the academy have abandoned for university careers and a place in the New York Time best sellers list

The DMT: Spirit Molecule book is a few years old now and the idiots we call our neighbours are still reading Harry Potter and Dan Brown! "Watch the documentary and spread the word and I hope the multitudes will awaken", so says the ghost of Terence McKenna (probably)!

Strassman and McKenna, the oddest couple one could come up with. How can two opposite characters, in fact, extreme ends of the personality pole, come to the same

conclusion about the DMT experience? There is a hint to the validity of the experience somewhere in this dance of yang and yang.

Strassman and McKenna argue that "the DMT molecule is a trapdoor to the higher lights, made flesh by the dark Gods that turn the millstones of the world". DMT "is THE SECRET". Strassman injected his patients so as to manage the dose for the scientific study. McKenna, on the other hand, smoked royally. So after smoking DMT, you realize that the idea behind life is that your life isn't working the 9 to 5 or getting oblivion every weekend; rather, your life is a gap between the two eternities where you actually have a chance of finding out what the hell is going on. But if you're consuming the culture dangled before your eyes, then you are living somebody else's idea of what is going on. Somebody else's idea of who you are. The DMT experience breaks the shackles of somebody else and throws you into Gods cockpit, for a few minutes.

Terence McKenna speculated that God leaves the room to get coffee, and by some crazy coincidence, this is exactly the same that you take the DMT and this is why the DMT place is so 'GODS KITCHEN but weirdly familiar at once, like a pun but punning a million times over, but you still understand the pun.

McKenna's somewhat fetish tic worshipping of DMT is understandable, because "monkey politics" had led him to "utter despair", as it does most people. In fact, Terence McKenna fought the demon of nihilism more than most and he probably battled his demons by hyping the mystery, to repel his personal tremors and to spreading the hope.

However, it is most unfortunate that hope from a preacher of otherness would be off-putting indeed to those who enjoy thinking for themselves; especially in the West were we are rightfully suspicious of this sort of talk. If it’s not Roger Penrose talking about Platonic forms, than why listen anyway? However, Terence McKenna did have a great story to tell and today, because of Dr Rick Strassman's findings, Terence was closer than he dared imagine.

Terence McKenna often spoke in reverence of the DMT world; with the oratory power of an ecstatic poet, and, more impressively, he wasn't high at the time (I hasten to add). McKenna was convinced that "This experience is of a fundamentally different order than anything this side of the yawning grave" (Terence McKenna).

McKenna argued that the DMT flash had repeatability and he speculated on the afterlife because of this repeating place he went to on DMT. Drinking coffee in Paris or debating the philosophy of the Simpsons or The Matrix is not the way to do philosophy. Trying psychedelics is the only game in town, so argued Terence McKenna.

This is what philosophers are supposed to do. Real philosopher they are supposed to be perturbing their minds so as to snap out of the trance they are living in. The

Greek philosopher, Plato, called this trance The Cave and he founded the original Academy, in Athens, 2500 years ago, to debate the Cave with his pupils. It is a damn shame then, that today, Plato's descendants are wasting their 1000 months on this planet debating the colour red and writing rubbish that will fly up the profit machine dangling from Oprah's expensive udders, and sit on the New York Times best sellers list.

The philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, wrote that people will pieces of paper to their name and especially, philosophy papers, are not real philosophers. They are like bureaucrats who get a little office room, as a temp worker, and work their way up the ladder of bureaucracy. Now imagine if the common man or woman started worshipping the bureaucrats because they knew no better? The higher up the rung the bureaucrat is, the more heaps of praise and glory is given to this bureaucrat and the bureaucrat becomes the only authority and the common men and women, who know no better, because they are fed documentaries and books and they only ever listen to the opinions of the bureaucracy, and so a momentum builds up. Schopenhauer argued that because a bureaucrat has a PhD in philosophy, the bureaucrat concludes that Plato was a philosopher, and, therefore, the bureaucrat is now Plato!!! We see this sort of thing all of the time. Schopenhauer wrote this in the 19th Century. It is much worse today.

They never tell you that a bureaucrat has your transcendence already packaged for you and it resembles a flabby version of the mystery, a packaged mystery forces you to do job which you hate, in order to live, before you can devote the rest of your time to what the Hindus would call your sadhana -- the work for which your deeper nature has appointed you: your life's dedication. Instead of devoting yourself to sadhna, the shopping mall is your cathedral and your mortgage is your mausoleum.

Shopping and dying, what a way to go! This is why the DMT phenomena are worth a serious consideration and maybe, just as our world is dying, we have discovered the antidote to materialist reductionism. And the Cambridge biologist Rupert Sheldrake agreed, he calls DMT a 'necrotic substance'; because of its catalysing powers, that is, N,N-Dimethyltryptamine has the ability to throw the mind into the post death state, where Terence McKenna is now. Both believed the DMT experience to be the closest thing you will ever get to the after death state and still come back. The molecule is the door-frame and we step beyond it and see wonderful things. McKenna was convinced that these things had an ontological validity independent of our thoughts and feelings about it. "More like shifting fantasy land than good old positivist rock n roll" (McKenna).

If only these themes could be pumped out into the flabby consumerist world of Simon Cowell's dancing tits, then the DMT truth would be a phenomenal hit because, to my mind anyway, these ideas are more fascinating than all that Dan Brown rubbish which passes for the mysterious these days. And that mystical, 'get a fit girl my thinking her into existence' 'The Secret' is tricking the herd; get them all to try DMT; thus they shall learn!!! DMT is the real secret and the experiences we hear so much about in the UFO Times and the Discovery Channel really can't touch the DMT

flash for scientific validity and, more impressively, for spookiness.

This is high blown philosophical silliness for those who haven't had the experience but, as Terence was forever arguing, the drug only lasts about seven minutes and it is physically safe and so the sceptics should try it for themselves. Alas I'm not aware of the sceptics taking McKenna up on the offer. The sceptics, you know, may be mind-locked drones, terrified of the void which lurks outside their peer reviewed living rooms, but I suspect the real reason they ignored McKenna's challenge was because of the oratory firework show that spewed from the bards mouth! Terence, you must understand, was at the extreme end of the DMT cult, and these days the DMT community really does feel like an obese cult, and this is why, Rick Strassman is important; I am not joking when I say that his boringness can pop the New Age trappings of the DMT flash and bring legitimacy in through the back door. Compared to Terence McKenna, Strassman is safe and straight and his script is so down to earth when compared to the spellbinding oratory tricks of the bard McKenna, that his boring elocution is much needed over a charisma god! Smart people have had enough of spellbinding orations and, time and time again, eyeballs just roll at maniacal prophets with idols to smash. Like St Terence of McKenna.

Terence was indeed an overly excited prophet; he could just let rip with lines off the top of his head; like; ' clap the gods into town and the voice of a thousand elves thunder into local fields of awareness; and these "local fields are foetal human minds, being born, hurried and buried into the bones of our dying world". You will never feel this because our brain is a filter that cuts your mind off from the DMT place. McKenna went on to speculate that the evolutionary purpose of this cutting us off is obvious (well to him it was!). If our cave dwelling ancestors had access of the radiance the DMT space, 24/7, then they would be getting eaten by sabre toothed tigers at an alarming rate! So the brain protects us from this radiance; thus we can say, using modern concepts, that the brain acts like a protective firewall and N,N-Dimethyltryptamine can override this neuron firewall". McKenna can talk like this for hours and hours and without notes too! When assaulted by his vocal range, we are converted to his way of thinking, and so we are hypnotised with the spellbinding trick of McKenna's oratory power. McKenna argued that DMT is a neuro-hacking agent to God. Unfortunately you need a massive personality to convey these ideas and not come across as all silly sounding. But this is the realm of the saint rather than the scientist. St McKenna sure was bananas to us scientific types, and he may well have been pulling our legs; he once referred to himself as being a functioning schizophrenic, a unique genius who was convinced of the banana realms inhabited with extra elves! Again, Dr Strassman covers similar weird things but with a different personality. So what i am saying, if anything, is that two opposite personalities are coming up with the same message ergo, the DMT realm (whatever that may mean) is a real place. (I'm aware that the concept of 'real' is a sloppy word, but there you go).

Strassman's study then is less titanicaly hatched than Terence McKenna's script. What Dr Strassman's subjects are reporting, and this is in the book, are multi formed high definition elf embodiments that are impossible to exist in this world are revealed to your startled eye, with mechanical elves of demonic intensity, syntactically shifting gestalts of life and death representations and in high definition too. Apparitions made out of silicon and trees that resemble demigods from Indian art that gallop around

inside the hospital room and carry multiple meanings all at once, such as punning in many dimensions. They flicker like this in chaotic frequencies that leave the mind trailing and so the more you look the less you are able to pour language over. Most of Strassman's subjects say that they understand the DMT message, but on awakening the message quickly dissolves and they cannot remember anything; "it's like an involved dream that we forget as soon as our feet touch the bathroom floor" (McKenna). The subjects also report floating in deep space, looking at long dead alien machinery from the end of time (seriously, just read the books or listen to You Tube) and space-stations orbiting fantastic forgotten worlds. You will be greeted by telepathic elf machines from this universe that communicate in syntactical information that are extraordinary complex, impossible to fathom but very ordered. It somehow all makes sense. Now I must add that this all sounds stupid and this again is why Strassman is important. He seems completely sane is what I'm getting at.

Terence McKenna used to tell a story of giving a huge dose of DMT to a very old Tibetan monk whilst travelling through Asia. The monk was "not one of those alcoholic fundraiser Lamas, but the real thing" (McKenna) and the monk told him that the DMT experience was the lesser lights and that you cannot go further than this and return to your body. The monk told him that when we die our mind is cut off from its host (brain) and falls through the brains physical barrier and journeys back through the lesser light and into the spirit realms. ("I believed him, McKenna said," the guy took it like a man, I mean; he must have been over 90 years old"). In the presence of this spirit then, all the capability of human conception sinks exhausted, with nothing to hold onto but a fall into a place outside of metaphysics; a palace of radiant light. The misery of trying to pin down weird experiences with words, and saying that it would be like trying to eat fire with an axe. Profound experiences you see can never be embodied or wrapped up into words. Those who know would never tell anyway! This is the original doctrine of awakening you see; the original Buddhahood. When done correctly, this doctrine will break open your hopelessly dreary reality and set you on your way to Nirvana. Unfortunately, only the special adepts achieve this goal; Nirvana was not meant for the peasants. (Forget all that Mahayana 'everybody for the ride' rubbish peddled in the west). Fortunately, we now have the new-kids on the block; the psychedelic experience and the DMT flash. These drugs can open the gates to worldwide Enlightenment, that is, they are for the masses. The DMT flash is an especially fast track to the above. It is even more unfortunate then that the DMT experience really is impossible to describe with a voice box and a pen. It's this impossibility of 'solid' evidence that leads those who refuse to step off the merry-go-round of consumerism to conclude that these things are mere hallucinations. It is all an illusion apparently and so smart people just refuse to look at DMT and other possible worlds. Yes sure, they believe in the possible worlds the quantum physicists tell them, but only because they don't believe it! They will never try DMT, why? This great refusal to see isn't a new phenomenon.

Galileo experienced the same frustrations with his peers a few centuries ago when his fellow professors refused to take a look through his telescope. So it behoves us to remember that it wasn't the peasants who refused to look through Galileo's telescope but the scholars with their learning from Aristotle and the Bible. That was 400 years ago but this conservative archetype resonates today. Today it is the psychologists and philosophers, with their learning from Darwinism and Einstein, who refuse to take a glance at psychedelic drugs (they argue that it is all an illusion),

whilst outside the academy, the peasants if you will, are partying hard!

So those today, who are claiming it is all an illusion, have to remember that the same thing was said about Galileo's discoveries. Casare Cremonini, the most renowned Aristotelian philosopher of the early seventeenth century, is remembered today as the professor who refused to look through Galileo's telescope (for this Galileo called him 'simplicio'). It was in 1610 when Galileo looked through his telescope and saw the moons of Jupiter. He then realized then that what Aristotle said must be wrong, and the Bible too. Galileo hurried to tell his fellow peers, including his good friend Cremonini, that what they have all been doing for 2000 years was completely wrong and that he had the proof, "look through here and see the proof for yourselves", Galileo would have said. But amazingly, instead of wanting to see these new truths for themselves, Galileo's peers stubbornly refused even to look through the lens! The churchmen of Galileo's day dismissed his telescopic insights as being an optical illusion or hallucination and so not worth further investigation. These medieval professors didn't have to look through Galileo's telescope because they knew what they saw with their own naked eyes (they just knew they 'knew' from 'pure reasoning' in those days!). For thousands of years the naked eye was the only tool available for science and it worked just fine; from advanced mathematics in Greece and India to gothic architecture and beautiful art, this progress was all done with the naked eye. We naturally induce that `this is all there is', but paradoxically, without evidence. This has become known as the paradox of inductive reasoning. It is not logical to infer from an observation, even if that same event happens a thousand times; but the old dogma just kept sticking around. So if Galileo saw the heavens in conflict with the prevailing Aristotelian dogma, then what he saw must be a hallucination. Because astronomers could already see, they concluded that a greater seeing was not possible and so a telescope was impossible! (Gremonini was well rewarded for his junk philosophy by the way. Just like today's academics). Today it is the professors of psychology and philosophy dons who refuse to look into psychedelic drugs. Humanity has made great progress with the naked (unperturbed) mind they say; indeed, we have built brain splittingly complicated intellectual atom smashers with just our normal conscious awareness and so conclude that this is it and that nothing lurks beyond the normal local mind space.

Well today telescopes (and microscopes) are legal and thus we have made progress in the material places. It's a crying shame then that the perturbing of mind is frowned upon by otherwise very intelligent people who really should know better. (Even some reviews of this book dismiss it as some sort of druggy fuelled stoner hippy fest! This is a stupid point to take, but as the saying goes, "against stupidity the Gods themselves contend in vain": Schiller). Today it is worldwide illegal to study these spiritual molecules or even to disprove this spiritual springboard hypothesis. Instead we only allow science which completely gives up the ghost in favour of advanced technology, but, in so doing, reduces all matter to flying atoms screaming through empty space, blind and indifferent to our whims. Nobel laureate physicist Steven Weinberg captured this weltanschauung beautifully when he said: "All the explanatory arrows point downward, from societies to people, to organs, to cells, to biochemistry, to chemistry, and ultimately to physics." He thus concluded, "The more we know of the cosmos, the more meaningless it appears". Thus science is meaningless for salvation. Are we not taught this version of reality in school?

Human institutions are carved up into many metaphysical millstones, grinding away at our spirits and, according to this world view, printing stamps of stupidity onto the minds of men; alas, this is a very hard stamp to shake off. This stupidity has forced psychedelics underground with the other good things of life! N,N-Dimethyltryptamine is seen as evil because it does not fit the prevailing orthodoxy of our times, and even more so, Terence McKenna argued that it threatens our moral bourgeois institutions and the entire capitalist ethic of fearing your neighbour as you fear yourself. This stamp of fear runs deep in our nature. We naturally fear weirdness and clench our fist in moral rage at anything deemed divergent. This fear archetype is imprinted deep in our collective history. For example, in ancient Rome, charitable Christians had to contend with furious emperors and a blood thirsty coliseum. During the middle ages, hurried and harassed families had to dodge an oligarchical priesthood and a stern Church dogma; and today's free spirits must look over their shoulder, in fear of a furious busy-body class, cultural cardinals (politicians, media editors), and an overly enthusiastic police force. The stamp of human nature runs deep indeed.

It may well be a human nature which deems the laboratory of mind as escapism. This is wrong. It is not escapism, or cheating, to use drugs in philosophical endeavours, just as it is not cheating to use a telescope to view the moons of Jupiter. Ok you need an education to use a telescope (or microscope) so educated people should be able to at least have the chance of disproving Strassman's hypotheses. This is how science is done. The collective stamp or the foot print of genius then has come so far. Our foot is printed on the map of the ontological process, and all progress is driven by a cerebral cortex and the imagination; DMT will turn this purple prose into a reality argued McKenna! This other world is a puff away (if smoked that is).

Is there proof? Well if you read DMT: The Spirit Molecule it's the strongest conclusion I can think of. Well that, or Rick Strassman and his many subjects are laying through their collective teeth for some strange reason!

The calculating mind can never access Truth. When told the truth, the calculating mind will always interpret Truth as human folly, blindness, short sightedness, confusion, stupidity, superstition, malice, senselessness, philosophic speculation and devotion to mysticism — amid the never-ceasing clatter of tongues and swords and the crackling of flames!!

"But it is you", the psychonaut will retort, "who is devotion to mysticism and even though you are devoted to empiricism you are at the same time senseless"! "Because", the psychonaut will continue, "being of this world and only of this world, a mere choke of neuronal firing, a sack of cells!, hence outside Truth, even your cherished logic which you hold so tight to like a lifeboat isn't Truth"!

This is the eternal wrangle between the psychonaut's and the suits. In the west, materialism has replaced belief in Truth. As the sun blots out the

stars materialism has blotted out the eyes our ancestors had. The psychedelic experience is an antidote for the excessive blindness.

Even though the mind can never know Brahman, or the x beyond subject and object, or that which it rests on, like the water bubble can never know the real water; the experience of Truth, that is, you realising your ‘oceanness’, which is Vast, so you shrink to nothing like Arjuna when Krishna revealed His oceanic form, does sometimes happen.

Enlightenment is when you become the Truth.

Many names have been used to describe Truth. 'Brahman', (not Batman), das Ding an sich (I will stop speaking German now)', 'the Absolute', 'Self', Quantum Gravity, 'Ultimate Reality', 'Platonism (for the peasants, Heaven) are words traditionally used to describe this Truth.

Only very recently has Western science discovered a chemistry that can reverse this process, and today the millions can understand the ocean at last. Well this was the idea, but it didn't come to fruition.

We will argue that it didn't come to fruition because some are moulded to see God and some are moulded to see dancing mice, and so what, the experience is no big deal! The psychedelic is the experiment which confirms this observation. However, that observation is for the specialist and the scientist, which this book isn't for; rather, this book is about what they used to call 'fundamental questions' like immortality, metaphysics and the after death state. It was Terence McKenna who pointed out this immortality issue in relation to the psychedelic experience and this is why I have dedicated this book to his name. The thoughts are mine but Terence's when quoted. So the the main message of this book is the immortality part.

So this writing will grapple with what it feels like to be the ocean, or the deathless self. The ocean is deathless indeed and it is your real nature. Traditionally, one in a million got this message, but, in this world of mass participation, more can get it.

Nisargadatta Maharaj says’

“The very highest teaching is to anchor yourself in the 'I am'. You are not your body. The 'I am' provides a clue. The ‘I am’ inside me is the same I am in you. 'Joe Bloggs' is an object to the I am. The I-am is not a Joe Bloggs!

The I am is your pure subjectivity, free from the body, thoughts and death. So saying 'I am this' and 'I am that' is attaching an imposter to the pure light of subjectivity, which is forever free.

Bonus Material: Psychedelics and Indian Spirituality

If you fly over your home-town, on Google Earth, you notice the higher vantage point straight away. You would never have guessed that there where so many trees surrounding your home-town if you stayed on Earth. Zoom out a little and the view becomes higher. Now you see mountains and seas. You apprehend more because you are high. When you come back down, try explaining what you have seen to your friends. Chances are, if your friends have never risen to those heights themselves, they won't believe you. You will then get thrown into the cooking pot!

You flew too high and they dragged you back down. You looked down into the DMT flash; you witnessed grandeurs beyond grandeurs, chasms over chasms, deeps beyond deeps. Just like in mathematics where there are infinitudes of higher orders infinitely transcending lower infinities, so the phenomenon of consciousness can no longer be seen at sparks firing from living meat. Rather, consciousness the universe, it isn't yours, you are a revelation of infinities overlapping your normal, hum-drum, pay that mortgage, monkey mind.

DMT is not the only way and I do not claim the experience is enlightenment.

Dennis McKenna quote describing coming down from DMT.

"The problem with DMT, and part of its challenge, is that the experience is inherently ineffable; it cannot be described in ordinary language, it is translinguistic. You come down, slam back into your body, out of breath, suffused with ecstasy, babbling, sobbing. And yet we are linguistic creatures, and there is a nearly irresistible impulse to try to describe it. This begins almost immediately following the trip, as if verbalization were a protective reflex. DMT is more than the mind can handle; it's overwhelming in its raw nakedness; we feel compelled to try to stuff it back into some kind of linguistic box, and yet to do so is to diminish it

So this is why it is impossible to describe the state. We are not 'we' when we enter DMT. We are DMT! When Dennis says DMT is more than the mind can handle, he means our 'awake' or normal mind can.

It's possible that when we are DMT or Brahman, 'we' are operating with a different logic and, as Terence used to say, "We are home" (this is exactly what the Hindus say). It is only when we come back down (or fall back to sleep), we can't recall and so the rituals, the religious longing, the egoistic participatory prayer, the metaphysical speculation, begins. These things we do in this world of sleep are because we are asleep but for the intuition of more. The reality of who we are is our DMT-s'elves.

The Buddha is reported to have spoken of the importance of the rumour of enlightenment being all that was needed. The rumour that others have done it is enough to transform the minds of the many. The good news of enlightenment is comparable to a spark in a ship load of cotton; slowly but relentlessly the whole of the cotton will turn to ashes. Similarly the good news of enlightenment will, sooner or later, bring about a worldwide transformation in consciousness.

D. T Suzuki, the Japanese Zen master, was once asked what it was like to be enlightened. Suzuki said: "Well, it's like ordinary, everyday experience, except about two inches off the ground."

Nisargadatta Maharaj says that the world of appearance is like a film. Things pass, events happen, nothing lasts. But who is saying this? Who is witnessing this? Who stays stationary when the world passes by? The constant, who you truly are is not the passage of time, is not the frustrations and the worries. The constant is the unborn, the not two, the immortal, that is you.

Between the banks of pain and happiness the river of life flows on; unmolested and so the trick is not to capsize on the banks. The real secret is to navigate your boat through the howling waves of people and their opinions; and just float along the river of life, or, to use the old cliché, `go with the flow'. Just trust in your frail craft to navigate soundly between the banks.

It is only when your vehicle capsizes on one of the banks that life becomes a problem. Flow with life, Nisargadatta Maharaj says, and accept I AM THAT, rather than what the other guy's YOU ARE THIS and what the other guy thinks you are. The other guy feeds off your fears and your desires, so don't (overly) desire and don't fear; observe your surroundings; the guy is not in the room with you now; you are. Your body is always present, your mind is not. Your mind is somewhere else. Take back your mind!

This is why I am writing this, to help you take your mind back. It isn't hard. You yourself can start your own floating, right now; if you are not fond of heights, then you can stay on land and rather than a balloon, you can float along the torrents of the world.

So what are these guys saying? In every human being there slumber faculties to which he or she can attain the higher yoga awareness; the realisation that God resides not in the clouds; but behind your eyelids; this is the doctrine of Tat Tvam Asi, or, I AM THAT. In plain English, this means that the girl selling crack down the road has forgotten that she is God Almighty, looking out onto the world. This sounds good to me and, dare I say it, it should sound good to you too. Why, didn't you know that the God behind your eyelids makes you yourself God Almighty? Yes, you, and all you need to do is switch those faculties on, and off you go!

Don't worry, this book won't be a self-centred diatribe about my optimism and how I got there. Like I said above, I do not claim that I have cracked it, I have only heard the good news of enlightenment. Anyway, reading about my enlightenment would be tedious to the reader. I see enough of myself in the mirror, writing about myself is not my idea of a good time, it really isn't! Rather, I will write on some philosophical tit bits that can lead the reader to an awakening, not in a self-help kind of way, but in an entertaining way.

Before we proceed, I will like to make one thing clear. I will avoid the type of academic back-woodsman ship that demands only cautionary and balanced statements, every statement backed by a footnote. Instead, I will give a free-wheeling vent to his opinions and judgements, and I hope you forgive me for this. I have chosen this style because others have shown me this style, and, in his style, I suppose that the baton has been passed on to me. This is for my sanity, and hopefully, yours too and so I make no apologies for many passages being in the style of a polemic, because the polemic is a form of therapy, my therapy, and the higher therapy is something we should all aspire to. This sort of therapy, I hope, will benefit the reader and reach the parts Simon Cowell and Oprah cannot reach.

For those readers in the post-apocalyptic future, I should explain the terrible twins, Simon Cowell and Oprah. In Great Britain, around the beginning of the 21st Century, Simon Cowell and Oprah were famous the Gods, dispensing their Ecstasy to the masses. The masses would hold their satellite dishes aloft like begging bowls, to be filled by Oprah and Simon Cowell. Whereas the ancient civilisations received their telescopic eons of meaning through the triple straw of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva; my generation subsided on a dose of Justin Bieber, Oprahism and The X Factor, this, I say, was diva worship for dummies and against this sort of idiocy the gods themselves struggled in vain. The smarter once would shout that `we were not put on this Earth to consume'. `Consuming the pap perturbing out of Oprah's elongated udders is not what we were put on this earth to do'! I hope things are different in your time?

Anyway, back to the present. This is why I picked up this old Aryan idea of `Tat Tvam Asi, not just because it sounds good, but, as I mentioned above, most mystics came to this idea independently of each other, throughout history, and chemistry now allows a verification of this ancient Vedic philosophy. Not only does Tat-Tvam-Asi come with less baggage, it is full

of meaning, God and science have little meaning. The word God shuts down the mind, meaning cannot do this; meaning opens the mind, to the spiritual.

These ideas will make you feel better about being here; they really will. Special relativity won't do this to you and neither will Barack Obama. This is the higher happiness, not in a Prozac way, but in a concrete way. People mix up happiness with euphoria, but euphoria is canned happiness; not concrete happiness. Concrete happiness is the real happiness because it lays foundations that stick like cement. You never see euphoric people happy all of the time, but this is the version of happiness pumped out of the entertainment industry. Concrete happiness is the thing the Dalai Lama has. His Holiness always has a big grin on his face.

Notes for a book I am working on..

God resides not in the clouds, but behind your eyelids. This is the Indian idea of God or Tat-Tvam-Asi, English for 'You are it'. This sounds good to me and it should to you too. You being God almighty is far more sophisticated than another guy being God almighty, the man the boss, the Semitic idea of God out there, in the world. The Semitic view of divinity falls into puerile monotheism, with an old man in the sky controlling the flight of every atom in the universe. This is silly; not only does it infantilise the individual, but it happily bleeds away the heart and the head, leaving a sheep in the place of God. The majority of our brothers and sisters follow this silliness. This silly idea is the ammunition that is fattening Richard Dawkins' already fat bank account. Let us fatten our skinny bank accounts, with our version of God.

The events in Galilee will never knock over the wisdom of the East. The Eastern idea is less easy to knock over because it puts you back in the cockpit, that is, YOU are in charge of your freedom; this is by far the more sophisticated of the contenders to ontology and it is especially good at breaking the shackles of the man-in-the-sky monotheism; indeed, Eastern wisdom guided Erwin Schrodinger and Albert Einstein out of dead materialism and all right thinking people go for this clever idea. Erwin Schrodinger would even finish his lectures by declaring, "Hence I am God Almighty" to a bemused Christian audience! This is the doctrine of 'tan tvam asi, or 'I am that', lunacy, maybe, but in the East, we are all God almighty. If you cannot accept your spark of divinity, then tell me, is this not a better view of seeing yourself than the scientific view of your personality being no more than an accident. Better God Almighty. Hurray!

Here is the downside to the behind your eyelids business (tat tvam asi); only the smartest can peel away the cobwebs of this world to grasp what is meant. The philosophical lightness of tat tvam asi won't float to the surface with the majority of our kin. The communication of ideas requires a similitude of thought and language: the lightness of tat tvam asi can only be held in the head of the sophisticate, as the discourse of a philosopher would vibrate without effect on the ear of the peasant. How miniscule is the human intellect, when it is compared

with an infinite mind? Even the intellect of the genius cannot but comprehend a mere drop from the ocean of Brahma. Better then, that the majority are fed the man in the sky version of God. Monotheism is for the masses, as it requires faith (no thinking) and less feeling. It is the democratic version of spiritualism, with real estate agents, pastoral authorities and child abuse. This is the messy business of civilisation and this is why the lightness of Tat-Tvam-Asi will never float above the flotsam of humanity.

The old man in the sky is far more understandable to the peasant, isn't it? We were raised by an angry father figure and it is only right that, when we grow up, the father is in the sky! This is why the majority of our brothers and sisters believe in the god of Moses, Jesus and Muhammad!

This Force argues that the masses; the crowd, the hollow men and women of the masses do not know they are sparks from God almighty, as they follow the outside, as they are brokers of civilisation, they are never inspired to create anything whatsoever; on the contrary, their heads are emptied by the culture and thus the minds of the hollow men and women remain altogether something absolutely external; outside of their heads and of what is misleadingly called 'high culture' they have not the least notion, even to the last: they are outsiders and they are prisoners of a material world.

High culture is a myth, there was only ever culture, and a synthetic life masquerading as the real life. The synthetic life is the flabby package of apps, sport and games for the hidebound masses, with minds focused outwards, their life journey, being not to the mystery, but to the toilet.

All true thinking, is an inner knowing, an inner experience. It cannot be drawn from the mere outward observation of culture or be justified by a team of experts. The beginning is formed by the inner experience (tat tvam asi), the rock-firm conviction that one’s own existence has a moral meaning. The opposite if an inner knowing is no knowing, or a hollow head.

Being hollow isn't the point, becoming hollow is what matters and more are hollowing out faster than replacements are being born! In this respect, an enormous task remains to be fulfilled by us mental people: the inner liberation from the entangling and ensnaring machine that bleeds the soul dry through advertisement and shopping, until the human resembles an animal with a human mask.

May this modest essay encourage many people to leave the outside treadmill and climb the steep mountain path to the Devayana of the inside, the torrents of consciousness hold the keys to the Kingdom, not out there, on the shopping mall, but an inner peace that leads to the high summits. Never forget this one thing: by thinking alone thinking can be liberated; he who doesn't have the courage or the staying power to rethink the machine will remain a servant, regardless of his or her journey, for s\he is mentally imprisoned, blind, bound to earth.

Yoof culture is packaged to be elated by your kids, game shows and fashion brands are also packaged pap; what is outside the packed is miss-called 'high culture', when in fact, it is life; always already. Life allows a way to transcend this world. An upwards transcending is only

possible outside the package. The package is a downwards transcending ride into some other guy’s pocket. Only the men or women who have taken back their minds are glimpsing the always already experience of life, outside the package; I will call them insiders, not because of inside knowledge, but by the fact that they have access to their own individuality. The hollow ones I shall call 'outsiders'.

These outsiders, clad in material abundance, surrounded by works of art, in possession of all the knowledge of their time, continued as before to practise the downward transcending games of the outsider; the shopping, for the sake of gods of consumer-fetishes, like idiots offering human sacrifices to mammon. At the shrieking of the ad man, the intellect recoils in horror. This intellect is personified in the form of the gnostic and these Gnostic’s exist in the inner torrents of mind; they are insiders, as their mind is inside the head, rather than splattered outside on the billboard. The gnostic stands in such a pit of unspeakable transcendence however, that the most degraded intellectuals turn in disgust from them.

For there is no more distressing a path to humanness than the cult of the outside and its idiot sister, consuming the things others have designed. Shopping for the sake of merely shopping is unexamined, insectoid behaviour and the gnostic would say that this is not the way to build personality and thus, the average shopper, according to this Weltanschauung, is a void.

You wear your lies like you wear your designer shoes on the outside, for all to see and for all to judge; the gaze of the crowd is who you are, the gnostic would look with a grimace. Shopping, after all, aims at the outside for mental stimulation; it is an outsider game with a requirement that the game hollows out the individual, to leave a shell in its place. These hollow people are extensions of technology, being shaped by advertising, they show an addicts attention to lottery and prizes; they are focused outside of themselves, they buy what is dangled in front of their noses; they cannot see further; and so this is why they are outsiders. Outsiders hold forth satellite dishes on the walls of their homes like begging bowls to be filled by the ad men; their intellectual masters. By outsider, we have in mind average people, the shallow ones, shallow because they pay attention to out-there, rather than within, who exist for entertainment, outside of themselves, who think, when they think at all, that what is inside isn't important; so have entertainment; they consume the creations of mass culture until they convince their children that the kingdom of heaven is outside, rather than within. The gnostic mind knows that against this sort of idiocy the gods themselves struggle in vain, they too contend in vain; it is their birth right. We were not put on this Earth to consume, she shouts! Consuming the pap perturbing out of Oprah's elongated udders is not what we were put on this earth to do.

Compulsive shoppers are outsiders, and as they focus on things out there, so to speak, for their character development, they are the extreme end of humanity. The opposite to the outsider is the insider; these are rarer...

The gnostic is an insider, rather than an outsider Insiders are the opposite of this unexamined outside consumption. Insiders pay attention to their mental space, they work hard on their conscious-space before venturing out into the world of cinderblock housing and finance. Meditators and deep thinkers are insiders. They are far from the vacuums encouraged by

consumer culture, they do not consume for consumptions sake, they create instead; they can appear scruffy and simple mind, with rough beards and half-mast pants, but because they are insiders, they don't even mind.

Outsiders wear shinny cloths and look super smart, they consume for the pleasures consumption brings. Consumers are the opposite of insiders; they are outsiders, they are asleep to the mystery of existence because their being is moulded by the outside world, like silly putty.

This is the outside game then and the insider game is building the person first.
Nothing shows this difference in personality that the cult of shopping.
The object of shopping is to transform our miserable state into a succession of pleasures, joys and ecstasy's. Shopping makes us happy! But just walk around your local shopping centre, on a busy Saturday afternoon, and observe the faces of the throngs of shoppers, they don't look happy; they look like they are stuck in traffic. They look bored and they are in a hurry; this is not the state of samadhi promised by the public relations... Even if we did buy in to the supposed euphoria shopping can bring, we are geniuses at lying to ourselves anyway, and just as we cover our body with clothes, we cover our real self with our lies. Our desires, our actions and our joys are a manifestation of this lie, and so the supposed bliss of shopping must be deceitful; and only if we are able to lift the veil, can our true selves be guessed. Look at it this way; just as the shape of a woman's figure can be guessed through her clothes, our personality can be guessed through our lies.

We are not aware of our deceit however; we lie to yourselves; like a punch-drunk fighter, you are made dizzy on the happiness of others, until your individuality is torn away by envy. Don't threat, because this happiness, via others, is an imposter, it is a false happiness likened to a dirty mirror held up to the radiance of real happiness. The false happiness is only visible from far away, and vanishes when we get close to it. These states of happiness can sometimes resemble groups of pictures in a modern art gallery. From far away the pictures look gorgeous, but when you walk closer to the paintings and examine the edges, their beauty vanishes, nothing was there all along. This is why we feel jealousy and envious towards others. From a distance they looked happy, but up close they are in the same sorry state as the rest.

The jealousy we feel towards others is only an expression of our belief in the gods of material possessions; but the Buddha taught that this life is transitory and so owning stuff is a false god. You see, according to Buddhist ontology, the point of life is that your life between is the point between the two eternities where you actually have a chance of finding out what the hell is going on; be it Nirvana or just peace of mind; you are capable of finding out, in this life. But if you're envious and hateful towards others, it is like holding a boiling hot iron in the palm of your hand, with intention of throwing it at your enemy, you will get scarred; or if your shopping for the stuff dangled before your lustful eyes, or if your trying desperately to escape all this in avataric self via in a computer game, then this is analogous to having someone digest your food for you; as you are living somebody else's idea of what is going on. Take fate my her ankles and show her the back door, because a spotty computer programmer, working for a faceless corporation, is now designing the virtual reality your grand kids will

someday be living inside. This is like slamming the door shut on the riddle of existence, to live in The Matrix.

Are you not, after all, a citizen of the mystery of life, rather than a consumer of somebody else's idea of the mystery? Someone else has your reality already packaged for you and it resembles a flabby version of the mystery, were the shopping mall replaces the cathedral as your communities dwell point and instead of working on your fundamental Karma, or freeing you soul, your mortgage becomes your mausoleum.

Now the point of this free for haranguing is that you arrived from who knows where, you live for a few decades before departing to who knows where. Death is like the singularity the physicists talk about, a black hole is a singularity because no information can escape a black hole, you see. Our death then is like this; is the black hole of biology if you like, because no information can escape the after death state (forget all the clapping from the New Age section).

So while we exist in this Earth, we wonder the planet, bump into stuff, like drunken chimpanzees, clever stuff like Bach or fractal geography, or dumb stuff like consumerism, but it is all our choice, is what I'm struggling to say, rather than the choice of some marketing dude with a focus group. Now it is rumoured than millions of other lucky beings lived before our time and some went on the found empires and set armies marching but a select few became smart and attained enlightenment. You too can bump into the right stuff, follow the path of all those millions who never got the chance of getting it; you have the chance of getting it. But living as a consumer completely avoids the boat. Consumerism make you infantile and bleeds your individuality dry.

Consumerism focuses' the mind on a downwards spiral of a beastly greed and feed ecstasy, and reduces the human animal to cravings for the baser things in life. This is called downwards transcendent, because there is the possibility of the upwards transcendence. Downwards transcendence is not really a new phenomenon because the ancient Gnostics also believed that we are spirits trapped in a material world. Though by upwards transcendence, I do not mean the worn out and completely discredited wine bottles of organised religion, or the old wine in new bottles me-me-me spiritualism. Neither do I mean menopausal mysticism or celebrity death-worship for dummies (Tibetan Buddhism).

Notes for a future project. Enjoy!

I was once chatting with a girl and a lad about random things and we got onto the subject of wacky paranormal ideas. The lad, a media studies grad, was interested in the theory that aliens built the Egyptian Pyramids and he had exciting ideas about human DNA being part alien and part chimp. "Who invented DNA"? "It's just too complex to just evolve like that"! He would argue.

The girl, a blonde beauty with an interested in poltergeists, was convinced that she could see ghosts. She even had an elaborate pseudo-scientific theory about electricity waves interacting with the brain and creating spirits.

The talk was friendly enough, and somewhat amusing. I reasoned with them that ghosts could very well be real, and I liked the girls scientific musings; I reckon we've made progress when people use science instead of religion to explain ghosts, and DNA is indeed a mysterious property of the cosmos. So the talk was friendly, and it is nice to let ones hair down once in a while and relax and talk about crazy things. So the conversation was harmless; until I mentioned my own wacky idea.

I got onto the subject of neurotransmitters and brain tissue. I said that I once read that bananas are rich in the human neurotransmitter, serotonin, and that this was an example of human neurotransmitters that are not found in human brain tissue. The lad and the girl agreed that bananas are very funny objects and conscious bananas, even funnier.

The lad said, "Just what is a human neurotransmitter doing inside a banana"? He went on, "The aliens, the ones who impregnated the chimp species with their alien DNA, left serotonin inside the banana for a joke"!

I said, "This can only mean one thing, the DNA aliens are not just space-rapists, on the contrary, those aliens have a great sense of humour"!

The lad and the girl both laughed.

I said, "Here is another weird thing, I read somewhere that there's an edible mushroom that contains a pseudo human-neurotransmitter".

I carried on, "Scientists say that neurotransmitters produce consciousness inside the brain. True enough. Chemists, who are also scientists, say that pseudo-neurotransmitters exist inside certain types of mushroom. So this is proof of consciousness that doesn't live inside a brain! Imagine a light-bulb that shines brightly even though it isn't connected to a power source, well this is what is inside the mushroom, a consciousness without a brain"!

The lad said, "Are you suggesting that the aliens put this transmitter chemical thing inside the mushroom so that humans will stumble upon their prank, a cosmic prank on the unsuspecting humans"?

I said, "Well you reckon that the aliens planted DNA in chimps so that, when our technology is advanced enough, we'll decode it. Well why would they stop there"? I went on, "The philosopher, Terence McKenna, used to say that we don't need advanced DNA microscopes to see the 'fingerprints of the editors' at work".

The lad and girl looked interested now, so I carried on.

I said, Terence McKenna was convinced that if you eat the mushroom, you will get launched into an alien dimension; a world of sexual devils, machine elves and singing avatars awates the lucky, or luckless, mushroom muncher. McKenna saw these dimensions. These dimensions are always here, the mushroom is the doorway. The chemical inside the mushroom latches onto your brain and you see with alien goggles, making you see with alien eyes. Behold, the play of the mushroom"! McKenna would probably say. Phew!

I went on, "Is this what the aliens intended"?

I asked them both, "have you watched the film 2001: A Space Odyssey"? They hadn't.

I said, "In the film, aliens put a giant stone obelisk amongst a troop of chimps, and the alien structure helped the chimps to evolve. The story was written years before the craze for DNA and the micro world, hence a big obelisk. Today, the aliens will be planting chemicals in mushrooms"!

I carried on, "Maybe the mushroom is a chemical obelisk, like in the film, but for talking apes like you and me".

The girl was not impressed (she was still sore from an erotic spanking) but the lad was happy to be thought of as a talking ape.

The lad said, "That would be a great science fiction story". The girl agreed. Alas, I thought, they had not clicked onto what I was hinting.

I carried on the thought, "imagine if, when we are a bit more advanced, we place high-definition, holographic, Google-goggles on an island populated by a stone-age tribe. Let's hide the Google-goggles under tall grass. A primitive tribe guy picks up the goggles, wears

them; and sees impossible things. Or imagine if we travelled to ancient Rome and we gave Galen a 3D textbook on anatomy"?

I said,"Arthur C Clark says somewhere that a super advanced technology will look like magic to you and me. Is this what is inside the mushroom? Is this the reason why they call them 'magic mushrooms'? Is this why, when we eat these mushrooms, we snap out of our hypnotic trance and access the unspeakable, the Ding An Sich of Immanuel Kant"? I didn't know what 'Ding An Sich' meant, but it sounded clever!

I wrapped up my muse, I looked towards the girl and said, "Eat mushrooms if you don't believe me"!

The girl said "Do you mean DRUGS"? Horror descended over her face.

Before I could answer, the girl said "I don't do drugs"!

I said, "No"!

But it was too late, the girl didn't believe me. She was judgmental, and even though I was talking about Immanuel Kant and philosophy and not her, she thought that I was suggesting that she inject heroin under a wet bridge down town and so I knew I had killed the conversation forever.

The girl wasn't listening to my words, she was uncomfortable.

I know this uncomfortableness, it is ingrained inside our heads, but some more than others. A spectre had entered the room that day, it was the spectre of the Emmanuel Goldstein; the trance of our parents, police and the hum drum world. The mood between us went cold. Emmanuel Goldstein was near and the girl was possessed. Goldstein is the trance, the ghost of imagination, and he had fallen on our conversation like the night and his shadow would forever blank out my logical reasoning and my fancy jargon. It's fine talking about Egyptian aliens and alien DNA, but if a drug is mentioned, then the ghostly Goldstein appears. Like now, Goldstein had cast a spell over the girl and when I said "4-fluoro-N, N-dimethyltryptamine" (psilocin) and its similarity to 5- hydroxytryptamine (serotonin), the girl heard "drugs blah, blah, magic mushrooms, blah, drugs". And when I mentioned Immanuel Kant, the greatest mind to ever walk upon our idiot planet, the girl heard "drugs, blah blah blah, drugs". Goldstein had done his business.

I could see that the girl was not interested in the conversation, and the lad was somewhere else (he was thinking of asking the girl out but the girl was thinking of the lesbian love she will receive again tonight).

Even though I reasoned that this is our natural cultural trance, personified in Goldstein, I still wondered how we sometimes slip into this somewhere else place. This somewhere else place runs deep in our culture; it is the cement of our shit world of world finance, caffeine free drinks and Ronald McDonald.

I imagined the lad and the girl saying, in unison, "having never experienced the world as an unfathomable and dreadful riddle; I take the world to be self-evidently 'obviously-the-case' and such a matter of course as two plus two equals four"! They learn this from a very young age.

The mass of people, like the lad and girl, have been conditioned by the sausage grinder of education to be number-lings and so they are not wise to mystery. Only a sage is wise because he or she is outside the factory educational system. Factory education is like a meat grinder, churning out the educated ones with their mere learning and responding to the cultural trance of numbers. The learnt, no matter how intelligent or charismatic, are forever in the trance and this is why they can't step out of themselves.

Learning is to creativity what number is to sound, and because learning is to creativity what number is to sound, the educated learn to become number; hence they are not sound. Only geniuses are sound. Trance-like learning, which number crunching learning, isn't for the genius or the sage. The sage is creative, after all. The sage is above mere qualifications. I mean, Terence McKenna didn't bother about his qualifications or his C.V, and neither should we.

Sound is within, you see, this is the way of the sage! I will explain what I mean by sound below, when we get to the ghost story. Anyway, the majority of people prefer learning facts, which is sausage produce, which is wasteful, which involves learning from without, piling up a bridge of facts that will never cross to Nirvana; but this is understandable. We need them to stay here to toil the wheat, to consume the culture and build those silicon chips. A world of philosophers will quickly starve.

In God this human creature set. In smoke and mould the flesh is dead. But bones and breasts surround me yet.

Today we've swept death under the carpet, and we wear Botox faces. But our Botox face is a biological lie because of the absence of the afterlife. Because of the absence of an afterlife in

our civilisation, with neither a heaven above nor a hell below, when we die, nothing remains; we are devoured by the Lord of Darkness!

In Goethe's Faust, the Lord of Darkness says, "I see the learning in what you say.
What you don't touch, for you lies miles away
What you don't grasp, is wholly lost to you
What you don’t reckon, you believe not true
What you don't weigh, this has for you no weight
What you don't count, you're sure is counterfeit".

The girl said, "But there is the downside to your radical spiritual orgasm; only the smartest can peel away the cobwebs of our material world to grasp what is meant by the spirit orgasm. The philosophical lightness of the spirit orgasm won't easily float to the surface with the majority of our friends". The girl went on, "the communication of ideas requires a similitude of thought and language: the lightness of what you say can only be held in the head of the sophisticate, as the discourse of a genius would vibrate without effect on the ear of the peasant. How minuscule is the human intellect especially that of a peasant, when it is compared with a higher mind"?

The lad said, "I think she means you should include did jokes"!

Let us proceed.

(1) LSD and God!

In LSD - My Problem Child, Albert Hoffman wrote that peasants would often be, taken aback and somewhat surprised as to how boring and completely ordinary a figure he cut; he being the discoverer of LSD and all. Neil Armstrong, the first man on the moon, was also an intensely private and very boring character; this is why NASA picked him, and not the charismatic Buzz Aldine, to be the first man to make history; the fame wouldn't go to his head, you see.

The prize for the most boring person, but with the biggest achievement, and I have done my research here, goes to Nicolas Copernicus. Copernicus broke the earth centred paradigm and so demolished the myth of a heaven above and a hell below. This Copernican turn smashed, once and for all, the until then invincible church propaganda of mental submission to the mythology of hell, and even though he did us such a great favour in kicking the cardinals, biographers struggle in vain to find anything interesting on Nicolas Copernicus, and he has a revolution named after him!

So there really is something to be said for boring people, isn't there? It's as if the boringness of a person is in adverse proportion to their honesty; or something like that.

Now along comes another charisma vacuum, made flesh in the form of Dr Rick Strass man. Dr Strassman managed to get permission to use the psychedelic chemical N, N-Dimethyltryptamine; or DMT for short; on human subjects and in doing so, ripped open that

can of beans we call The Matrix. No other scientist has managed this feat, and seeing that scientists generally lack charisma, we must conclude that Dr Rick Strassman's bland personality was seen as very safe by the authorities. And not any old authorities, but ones that are so paranoid, that they will throw you and me into jail for decades for possessing a scrap of the Spirit Molecule. And even though Dr Strassman's test subjects reported experiences with demonic orgasms, flying anvils and Venus de Milo's frolicking with red apples; and even though these places have titanic implications for our decaffeinated existence, still, the authorities sweep the other world under the carpet.

Luckily for us, the veil can be lifted from the rusty hinges of our material prison, and, in this book, I'll write about the veil and what's behind it. To my mind, this is big news and offers an escape from a purposeless cosmos. Digital orgasms won't do it and neither will voting; trust me, I've tried both! Digital worlds are epiphenomena of materialism, rather than roads to spiritual machines. Machines don't have orgasm, you see, spirits do. This is the difference between machines and you and me. Terence McKenna reckons that a spiritual orgasm awaits us on our deathbed and, hey, why don't we study this subject in school"?

Anyway, so this book is about the Other Word, an orgasmic place if there ever was one. It isn't fiction; this is the exciting thing about the subject! You may be wondering, why mention the orgasm, of all things; why not use higher mathematics or physics? Well apart from boring the reader to death, the orgasm is still the mysterious 'Eros' the Greeks wrote about and jokes about pointy arrows is possible with Eros, which is always fun, and higher mathematics is no joke and neither is physics. It was Terence McKenna who once said that the monkey orgasm is a mere squeak when compared to the DMT flash. All male animals have a libido, but we have been fooled into thinking that we are just animals. The ancient Greeks personified our libido as the god Eros and so shall I.

So the God inside must not be confused with the animal inside. Because we are cells and flesh, like the chimps, we have no mind too! This is the conclusion of orthodox science. No wonder they have made psychedelics illegal. Psychedelics give the game away and DMT really lands you in the Other World.

This Other World doesn't rely on particle accelerators, crystal gazing or quantum woo hoo to be real. Neither does it require multi-billion pound machines or equations we'll never understand. From the reports of Dr Strassman's test pilots, the Other World, the DMT world, is right behind your eyebrows and when your eyebrows are no more, when your biology is gone, the energy that moved your eyebrows still moves and the energy that bent your strong arm is still there. You, real you, is energy, before those cells and those genes that are programmed to extinguish themselves, before all that, You stand, You are That.

Before we dive into the DMT discussion below, we can have a look at technology and science and, using the testimonies of Dr Rick Strassman’s DMT-naut’s, we will show that science and technology doesn’t really cancel out the Other World. Science and technology are tools rather than truths.

The alternative to the Other World, you see, the DMT world that is behind your eyes, the You are That world, is a worshipping at the toes of technology and the cult of the app and the

Apple. This worshipping, or to use a more modern word, 'consuming', yes, this consuming of the culture is what Aldous Huxley called a self-transcendence downwards.

You do transcend with self-transcendence downwards, but it is a trap, hence downwards. The adverts promised liberation through better graphics and a faster processor. Instead we got better graphics and a faster processor, but with a promise of even better graphics and a faster processor, just around the corner. This is a carrott and stick approach to liberation. Yes true, these are good things, only a lunatic would denounce technology, however, it is a transcendence downwards because it builds virtual mind spaces via technology and delivers digital Justin Beiber robots, in high definition, Beyoncé holograms that will sing you to sleep and virtual shopping malls that look just like our real life shopping malls and your very own Lady Ga Ga clone to spread, but better looking. These are all fine and nice, however, anybody who has ever done psychedelics knows that only fools take these toys to be the meaning of life. They know that Google and Apple will copyright your consciousness.

The Gnostic Mystical Outsider and the Insider

I will take a short detour and describe how consumer culture mitigates against the DMT flash and that our culture is a self-transcending downwards, leading to the Matrix. We are in the Matrix now and this wouldn't be a problem if it wasn't for the fact that the DMT world exists behind your eyes, behind those neurons that hover between the world of brain tissue and the Other World. This is the message of the DMT flash.

The Matrix is outside the brain tissue, you see, in the world of matter, in the microchip, with games and fashion brands that enslave you in a techno slave movement of greed’s and feeds, making you greedy for more and more products that never deliver on the promise of happiness.

The techno slave movement only drags you into more financial bondage and DMT allows a way out of bondage. A DMT world is only possible outside the religion of consumerism. Before we talk more about DMT, I will like to again explain what I mean by a downwards

self-transcendence.

Consumerism is a downwards transcending ride into some other guy's pocket. Only the men or women who have taken back their minds are glimpsing and experiencing a life outside the Matrix. I will call them '*insiders*', not because of inside knowledge, but by the fact that they have access to their own individuality.

The hollow ones are the blind consumers, and because they look to the outside for mental clarity, we can call them '*outsiders*'. Outsiders, the hollow people, after all, to consume requires a hollow being, clad in material abundance, surrounded by the Internet and so in possession of all the knowledge of their time, continued as before to practise the games of the outsider, shopping for shopping, running the hamster wheel of cycles for the sake of the gods of Life Magazine, year after every fucking year. With satellite dishes held aloft, like begging bowls, to be filled by Simon Cowell and Walk Disney.

At the shrieking of the ad man, the DMT-naut recoils in horror. This DMT-naut is personified in the form of the insider and these insiders exist in the inner torrents of mind; they are insiders, as their mind is inside the head, rather than splattered outside on the billboard. They have awoken to the meat hook of existence, they have seen through the void.

For the DMT-naut, there is no more distressing a path to humanness than the cult of consumerism and its idiot sister, searching for an orgasm by shopping; shopping for the sake of merely shopping is unexamined, insectoid behaviour and the DMT-naut would say that this is not the way to build personality.

The DMT-naut knows that against this sort of idiocy the gods themselves struggle in vain. “We were not put on this Earth to consume”, she shouts! Consuming the pap perturbing out of Oprah's elongated udders is not what we were put on this earth to do.

The DMT-naut, being an insider, rolls her eyes at outsiders.

So by outsider, we mean the people stuck in the Matrix. Outsiders focus on things ‘out there’ and so their character development has little meaning. Meaning, after all, is the function of mind. It does not tolerate adverts and computer games. Where there is consumerism, there is no meaning. The consumer lives in an unreal world without true meaning because meaning is in the head. It is inside the mind space, the space of DMT.

DMT-naut's pay attention to their mental space, they work hard on their conscious-space before venturing out into the world of cinderblock housing and finance. Meditators and deep thinkers are insiders too. They are far from the vacuums encouraged by consumer culture, they do not consume for consumptions sake, they create instead; they can appear scruffy and unclean mind, with rough beards and short pants, but because they are insiders, they don’t even mind.

Outsiders, on the other hand, wear fashionable cloths and look super smart, they consume for the pleasures consumption brings, but they are asleep to the mystery of existence because their being is moulded by the outside world, like silly putty. Moulded by shopping!

The cult of shopping shows this indifference to the inner mind-space, which, if we our honest, is the only thing that we can truly call our property. The object of shopping is to

transform our miserable state into a succession of pleasures, joys and ecstasy's. Shopping makes us happy! But just walk around your local shopping centre, on a busy Saturday afternoon, and observe the faces of the throngs of shoppers, they don't look happy; they look like they are stuck in traffic. They look bored and they are in a hurry; this is not the state of Samadhi promised by the public relations.

Even if we did buy in to the supposed euphoria shopping can bring, we are geniuses at lying to ourselves anyway, and just as we cover our body with clothes, we cover our real self with our lies. Our desires, our actions and our joys are a manifestation of this lie, and so the supposed bliss of shopping must be deceitful; and only if we are able to lift the veil, can our true selves be guessed.

Look at it this way; just as the shape of a woman's figure can be guessed through her clothes, our personality can be guessed through our lies. We are not aware of our deceit however; we lie to yourselves; like a punch-drunk fighter, you are made dizzy on the happiness of others, until your individuality is torn away by envy. Don't threat, because this happiness, via others, is an imposter, it is a false happiness likened to a dirty mirror held up to the radiance of real happiness. The false happiness is only visible from far away, and vanishes when we get close to it. These states of happiness can sometimes resemble groups of pictures in a modern art gallery. From far away the pictures look gorgeous, but when you walk closer to the paintings and examine the edges, their beauty vanishes, nothing was there all along. This is why we feel jealousy and envious towards others.

From a distance they looked happy, but up close they are in the same sorry state as the rest. The jealousy we feel towards others is only an expression of our belief in the gods of material

possessions; but the Buddha taught that this life is transitory and so owning stuff is a false god. You see, according to Buddhist ontology, the point of life is that your life between is the point between the two eternities where you actually have a chance of finding out what the hell is going on; be it Nirvana or just peace of mind; you are capable of finding out, in this life. But if you're envious and hateful towards others, it is like holding a boiling hot iron in the palm of your hand, with intention of throwing it at your enemy, you will get scarred; or if your shopping for the stuff dangled before your lustful eyes, or if you're trying desperately to escape all this in avataric self via in a computer game, then this is analogous to having someone digest your food for you; as you are living somebody else's idea of what is going on. Take fate my her ankles and show her the back door, because a spotty computer programmer, working for a faceless corporation, is now designing the virtual reality your grand kids will someday be living inside. This is like slamming the door shut on the riddle of existence, to live in The Matrix. Are you not, after all, a citizen of the mystery of life, rather than a consumer of somebody else's idea of the mystery? Someone else has your reality already packaged for you and it resembles a flabby version of the mystery, were the shopping mall replaces the cathedral as your communities dwell point and instead of working on your fundamental Karma, or freeing you soul, your mortgage becomes your mausoleum.

Now the point of this free for haranguing is that you arrived from who knows where, you live for a few decades before departing to who knows where. Death is like the singularity the physicists talk about, a black hole is a singularity because no information can escape a black hole. Our death then is like this. Terence McKenna called death the 'black hole of biology' because no information can escape. This is why DMT is so interesting.

Terence McKenna glimpses what he thought to be a peep into the other side. McKenna used

to say that it is rumoured than millions of other lucky beings lived before our time and some went on the found empires and set armies marching but a select few became smart and attained enlightenment. You too can bump into the right stuff, follow the path of all those millions who never got the chance of getting it; you have the chance of getting it. But living as a consumer completely avoids the boat. Consumerism makes you infantile and bleeds your individuality dry. Consumerism focuses' the mind on a downwards spiral of useless stuff, and reduces the human animal to cravings for the baser things in life. This is downwards transcendent, because there is the possibility of the upwards transcendence. Downwards transcendence is not really a new phenomenon because the ancient Gnostics also believed that we are spirits trapped in a material world. Though by upwards transcendence, I do not mean the worn out and completely discredited wine bottles of organized religion, or the old wine in new bottles me-me-me spiritualism. Neither do I mean menopausal mysticism or celebrity death-worship for dummies.

DMT-naut’s are not prisoners of a material world and, like the Gnostics, they can see through a synthetic life masquerading as the real life. The synthetic life is the flabby package of apps, sport and games for the hidebound, with minds focused outwards, their life journey being not in the mystery, but in the bear glass.

The DMT experience is an inner knowing, an inner experience. It cannot be drawn from the mere outward observation of culture or be justified by a team of experts. The beginning is formed by the inner experience, the rock-firm conviction that our own experience has a moral meaning. The opposite if an inner knowing is no knowing, or a hollow head.

For the advertisement industry, becoming hollow is what matters and more people are

hollowing out faster than replacements are being born! In this respect, an enormous task remains to be fulfilled by psychedelic people: the inner liberation from the entangling and ensnaring machine that bleeds the soul dry through advertisement and shopping, until the human resembles an animal with a human mask.

So just to sum up. I started by criticizing consumerism and our material world. I don't mean to imply that they have no meaning. It's just that 'beady eyed others' (McKenna) want to convince you that this world of stuff is all that exists. Modern science has swapped immortality for the soul with immorality of the body and so they've closed the door on the soul. Below we will examine why immortality of the body is not liberation. We will attack science, propaganda and then, get to DMT.

The Ghost of Terence McKenna.

I said. *"Terence McKenna should be here, not dead"!*

Last night a dream came to me. The dream was an exact verisimilitude of Terence McKenna. Here is what I remember from the strange dream.

The exact verisimilitude of Terence whispered to me, "*Trying to pin down my weird experiences with words was like trying to eat fire with an ax".*

The exact verisimilitude of Terence said, *"Experiences in death can never be embodied in mere words. When you do try to embody experience in words, the thought dies. This is why, if you catch hold of your big experiences, you are in the after-life space and the cord is*

snapped. You are dead"!

The exact verisimilitude of Terence said.
"Worlds come after the experience, so the experience is real, the word isn't and neither is the world".

The exact verisimilitude of Terence told me the original doctrine of awakening. When done correctly, this doctrine will break open my hopelessly dreary reality and set me on my way to the elf palace.
The exact verisimilitude of Terence said, *"We are so close to the transcendental object that all you need to do is to plough the Tryptamine Palace, like a serf ploughing the Lords field, and there it is"!*

The exact verisimilitude of Terence told me that when we are assaulted by the tryptamine exegesis, are are as poor and as dumb mouthed as our Neolithic ancestors, and they were as knowledgeable as an iPod! This long trip from the Neolithic; to the dreary de-caffeinated present, there exists an abyss of titanic immensity. The ghosts have witnessed these titanic realms; they are open to all. Die first! They will see me when I am dead!

The exact verisimilitude of Terence said, *"After you die, you too will be thrown into the presence of the Titan, and all the capability of your puny human conception sinks exhausted, with nothing to hold onto but a fall; a fall outside of time; even outside of metaphysics; a palace of radiant light; a Tryptamine Palace will emerge from this light".*

I said, "*What's the after-death look like"?*

The exact verisimilitude of Terence said, “a mustard seed”!

The exact verisimilitude of my Terence explained, *"My son, Finnegan, once asked me why babies come out blind? I told him that the belly is a dark place, there is nothing to see inside a bag of fluid, so the baby hears instead. So baby's don't really come out blind, it's just that all they have ever know is sound. They have a sound bias.*

For a baby, sound is just as primary as vision is to us. We would rather go deaf than blind! The baby, on the other hand, is the opposite. The baby 'sees' objects by hearing when in the belly and this is the world and when the baby comes out, it still navigates by sound. It is only after a few weeks that the sound takes a back seat and noise-mum slowly morphs into colour and dimension and skin.

Noise-mum is hardening and her voice is enfolded inside a new medium of existence. The word of mummy, the sound of her voice, becomes flesh. This is when the baby picks up a visual bias.

First there was sound and the sound became flesh!

So sound is primary, and God is really sound, rather than an image and so sound is primary and this is why you will never 'visualise' the post death state.

When you die, you will hear what Beethoven heard but didn't write down.

The exact verisimilitude of Terence slipped away and faded as I woke up. What a dream!

I wrote down the rest of the dream, well, what I could recall.

From the dream, I remember Terence saying that we need this sort of idea to carve our way out of this eternal X-Box tyrant we find ourselves living under. We need dazzling poetry to rock the sleeping multitudes; the multitudes prostrate their tongues towards Simon Cowell's flabby breasts, and his army of dancing mannequins; forever trying to convert us all into dribbling morons. The multitudes withdraw from us all and from our way of thinking.

Terence said, "It's our job to inspire them with our better ideas; we will then convey the realities of the places we all struggle to describe and open the pearly gates to worldwide enlightenment; it can be done methinks"!

Unfortunately access to the elf nest was not meant for the X Factor contestants! Those desperate people should know that we have the new-kids on the block; the psychedelic experience and the DMT flash. These drugs are for all!

I remember the exact verisimilitude of Terence saying that they will open the gates to worldwide Enlightenment, that is, they are for the masses. The DMT flash is an especially fast track to the elf infested galaxy. It is even more unfortunate then that the DMT experience really is impossible to describe with a voice box and a pen. It is this impossibility of 'solid' evidence that leads those who refuse to step off the merry-go-round of consumerism to conclude that it is all an illusion or mere hallucination. How then do we describe the DMT flash with mere mouth noises or fancy pen play? One thing I remember from the dream;

unless we can write like Plato, and if we can use a Shakespeare's God like talents, we may probably get close; otherwise the experiences we want to describe will easily turn into gobbledygook. (And they almost always do!)In this fun and sexy age of online gurus and self-help movements, we must sharpen our position, otherwise then we run the risk of our ideas being bracketed inside the New-Age section alongside UFOs, Crystal Gazing and celebrity death worship for dummies (insert the latest nihilistic celebrity spiritual fad)! And so the psychedelic experience becomes cannon fodder for the satirists and the sceptics. McKenna was convinced that the DMT flash was more than the heavenly beauty of Christianity, more than the blissful paradise described in the Qur'an, the two great terminals at the Omega way. Oh no; according to the Terence, 'it's the real'. All you need is a bong and courage.....(7 minutes later).....And then it finishes and you forget as soon as you open your eyes. The main thing that I took from the dream, but forgot it as soon as I wrote it down is that we will never vision the after death state with art and high graphics.

Terence, in the afterlife, asks how artists can even begin painting this sort of experience. Impossible! Living Terence imagined future technologies so advanced that we would create the DMT flash and the after death place: but now he knows better!

This is a typical experience you can have on DMT and this is why these scientists and artists are claiming that the DMT experience is not another weird cult, its real! True. Take a strong enough dose and scientific materialism will just melt away! Just like that! The memory of materialism just faded away like sand falling through a sieve, and all that's left is the gold. Another reality will then emerge. The molecule is the door-frame and we step beyond it and see wonderful things; things that have an ontological validity independent of our thoughts and feelings about it. "More like shifting fantasy land than good old positivist rock n

roll"(Mckenna).Other worlds are thus a membrane away!!! These are fantastic claims indeed.

These ideas are so alien to our world of television, and football; but why not? Why should 500 years of scientific materialism have all the fun? So how do we get to the meat of this mystery? How do we demonstrate the validity of these phenomena to those who will never step outside the culturally sanctioned playpen?

So can technology compete or will she get flattened in the first round? With powerful computers it should be possible to create artwork of psychedelic intensity to convince the sceptics. This is the plan. The bench test will be to design virtual reality software that can model the worlds described by living Terence. Computer generated vistas of psychedelic space-time is a few years off, when we get faster processors and better graphics card. These realities could then be printed onto paper and shown to the rest of the world. It will be art as has never been seen before.

Alas, the exact verisimilitude of Terence McKenna said that trying to vision the DMT flash is as nonsensical as trying to vision a music symphony or trying to vision the feeling of sex. And even though the artwork, such as the ayahuasca visions we see from well-intentioned people, look absolutely fantastic, they only mirror the alien worlds that look like our mundane and boring world of rainforests, comic monsters and glossy humanoids.

Terence Mckenna used to say that in the future (he was speaking in the 90's), the psychedelic community will be able to model the hyper-dimensional objects they claim to encounter on DMT. Just as quantum mechanics led to the silicon chip and the home computer, the DMT flash will take form and be made visible via powerful computer software. The truth of the

DMT place could then be shown to rest of the world, with a "look at this" ring to it (Mckenna). And so the long heralded alternative to scientific reductionism will be upon us!

Psychedelic art by psychonauts should possess boundary dissolving properties that 'normal' artists cannot possibly match. The kind of artwork I'm thinking about should be able to blow away the competition and by shear extraordinariness, overthrow the dominance of scientific materialism. It would then make front page headlines all around the world with letters ten food high.

This is why, to my mind, psychedelic artwork doesn't come close to say, Hieronymus Bosch or Salvador Dali in imagination and weirdness. Bosch and Dali had something boundary dissolving about their imaginings. They resembled travellers with access to places only they could see. Indeed, Timothy Leary once described Salvador Dali as "the only person who can paint LSD without having taken LSD."

I doubt whether Bosch or Dali had access to magic mushrooms, LSD or ayahuasca.

Terence McKenna's puppet questions.
Stomach girl hair extensions.
Allen Ginsberg howless erection.
Stomach girl's mimetic spaghetti flies.
Terence McKenna's obsessed by floaters that hover before his eyes.
Free floating love could rid her of a desire to die.
Whilst Charles Darwin's suffering from monkey pies.
And Sister Mary's machinery of silent suffering terrifies the children's eyes.

And then I really woke up and started thinking about technology.

The Road to Digital Serfdom: Shit out the Singulatiry kids!

So, up to now, we discussed sound and technology and we thought about the vusual bias in all our human musings on the Devine. So the man in the clouds is an example of visual bias. We then suggested that maybe the Other is personified in sound. Sound, after all isn't an object in the universe. If sound is a manifestation of Divinity, then Bach and Mozart were channelling the divine through their brains. We then ended by asking maybe artwork isn't the way to manifest the Other in our world. I will now like to point out that if technology isn't the way to liberation, then it may be the way to a new kind of slavery.

Technology that's designed by the nerd ignores the flow of life, the gasp of pain between birth and death. I will try to show thay the nerd is a genius at manipulating digital information, but so what! DMT heads or DMT-nauts, know better.

DMT-heads are not tricked by free for all's and other fun ontology's promised by the Lords of the Clouds. The Lords of the Clouds promise that they will free our minds from our Gnostic drudgery, awaken the collective unconscious, demolish the cultural pillars of Christian civilisation and kick the doors off heavens hinges. We serfs will happily toil away in cyberspace, unpaid and, more importantly, de-personalised in the gas of collective surfing; totalitarianism without tears to grind away the years.

This technological paradise is a biological lie because of the absence of the after-life.

Because of the absence of an afterlife in our technological civilisation, with neither a heaven above nor a hell below, when we die, nothing remains, we are devoured by the Lord of Darkness.

Remember: Where God this human creature set. In smoke and mould the flesh is dead. But bones and breasts surround me yet. Voidness.

Jesus said, "The Kingdom is within you"!

See?

The news hasn't reached your ears, but when it does, it will wipe away your sad tears and free you from the dreary materialism that engulfs your boring universe. Below, we will describe the liberation of the soul from its finite chains. First, the obligatory Matrix theme, before some good advice from the Great Buddha himself.

(4) Buddha, Plato, Matrix, Life Force!

The Buddha is reported to have said that it is tremendously important to have heard about enlightenment for a complete transformation in consciousness to occur. This means that you don't need enlightenment yourself, as the rumour that others have had it is good enough. Similarly, one can read about the DMT state without having to have tried the god-manifesting chemical themselves. The rumour is good enough.

The Buddha compared the news of enlightenment to a spark in a ship load of cotton. Slowly but relentlessly the whole of the cotton will turn to ash.

So the news of the DMT experience, the subject that I shall right about in this book, will sooner or later bring about a transformation in the way we see our place in the cosmos. I am in no way promoting the use of the chemical. I am only speculating on the implications of discovering a ghost in the machine. The ghost is a fact, it seems, and this is the uncanniness guest ever to come knocking on our door. This guest will demolish nihilism just as surely as science demolished the church. This is good news and a superior truth, like when Copernicus demonstrated the superior truth manifested by regarding the sun, rather than the Earth, as the centre of the solar system. After the Copernican revolution, there weren't riots in the streets and the world was not destroyed by this scientific fact. Rather, we fixed our outlook and went to the moon. This is progress.

I will argue that the phenomenon of the DMT experience, a subject with scientific legs, will facilitate some such Copernican change in our outlook. Modern science is the skeletal structure of the life force, and the DMT flash reveals the soul inside science.

I am not criticising science here. I state here that this is a serious book and seriously we shall answer science. Happily, serious does not mean boring. So I won't use philosophical jargon like 'dualism', 'monism' and other indecencies, because we seek a well-oiled vehicle rather than a dry academic journal. We are capable of tight logic, however, strangulation by a thousand syllogisms is not our idea of a good time and anyway, to my mind, logic is to real life what masturbation is to sexual love! Apart from sex, what do we replace logical rigour with then? Imagine an intellectual wrestling match, you and me against the life force. This is what we'll do here, grapple with the life force; a life force guiding our journey, like a magnetic object guiding metal parts. We are not alone. Below, I'll quote the founders of

quantum mechanics who also grappled with the life force. This technique allows your imagination to chew over the morals of ideas I will throw at you. By the way, by life force, I mean universal determinism, the cement of the universe, another piece of jargon that will not be tolerated here. Life force sounds better too.

The philosopher, Gerald Heard, said that "the life force is like a juggler; it is always contriving that we shall watch the hand with which the trick is not being done. When we look back, we often discover that it was the symptom we were studying, not the cause". The life force has been leading us up a blind alley, because we have been studying the wrong hand. The juggler has convinced us that science equals nihilism. I will argue that the hand from which the trick is being played is in view. We need only open our minds, and not be limited by the Earth's horizon. This is a theme repeated in many traditions, from the film, The Matrix, to the Greek philosopher, Plato, and modern quantum physics. This world we take to be real is only a shadow of the light.

Gods white light was passed through the dirty glass of lesser minds and assumed the colouring of mortals. This is our universe of shadow.

Everything is shadow. You are shadow, the universe, with all its suns and galaxies, is shadow, great sex is shadow. The light is the real world; we are shielded away from the light.

The Greek philosopher, Plato, taught that our consciousness is blanked out and that the blank, or dark side, of consciousness is this world we all live in, that is, the objective world the scientists study. This means that the basis of the whole universe, as experienced by the five senses, is the illusory cave world of Plato; or, to use the modern word, The Matrix. The

higher world, outside the cave, is forever blanked out, just like the dark matter in the universe is forever blanked out. So if we really are in the dark, or shielded off from the lighter, brighter, higher reality, well this implies a higher form of knowing too. This is what Plato meant. He knew that there is a higher form of knowing and that this knowing can lead to enlightenment. The darkness is our world and darkness implies sleep, therefore, it is our job to become awake!

So this is the theme of our little journey; becoming lucid and waking from our boring lives; oh, and discussing the Spirit World that is being uncovered by science. The Buddha said that you may not find your life boring, but that is only because you are living it wrong!

Before we get going, you may be asking an obvious question, why do we need all this wishful drug fuelled mysticism and what is wrong with materialism anyway? Surely we live in paradise today and now? I mean, just look at voting trends... See! Most people are happy with football, financial slavery, and voting in the X Factor; and anyway, mystical characters deserved to be imprisoned, damned, and whipped by the authorities. Unless, that is, the mystical characters are in a game show; then we can vote them off. Or to ask the question in simpler terms, why do materialists getting the bad guy role in all serious ontological musings, like in the film, The Matrix, to this radical essay? Why, as Bertrand Russell once asked, why are the materialists the bad guys? Surely materialism is the only reality? Materialism is predicated on the assumption that no reality can exist outside the brain, ergo, only what the finger tips touch is real. This is obvious, right?

On the Metaphysical Need in Us (except for nihilists)

It is obvious that we live in the material world and science teaches that we are animals,

obvious still, but we have an itch that we cannot scratch. This is the problem. The itch is a metaphysical one, a need, if you will, a metaphysical need that will never be erased. The deeper you are in your awakening, the more you itch; it's unavoidable! You probably can't feel the itch while you're reading this, but the Buddhists say that, on your death bed, you will awaken (itch). So this is why asking spirited questions is not a sign of woo woo-ness, or flakey-ness. And although there are many flaky people out there, it is illogical to dismiss the message because the messenger is dumb. Look at it this way, how many hours a week do you waist watching music videos? If you use half those hours studying the mystery, it will not be wasted.

So this is why we may as well look at the DMT phenomenon, to honk the horn, test the tyres and take it for a test. Studying the DMT universe is part of the mystery. And it is a real thing, rather than a made up one. Consciousness will never get pinned down by the academics because they are imprisoned by a peer review machine. Peer review is like weed killer for free thinkers because it feeds off careerism and group conformity. For example, imagine an academic writing about drugs and God? It never happens.

Like all misunderstood spells, DMT has been called a drug by its enemies. This is wrong! That word "drug" has many meanings other than chemistry, and so before we get to the mystery, I will like to put this word under the lens of the English language, because, as it is words that bewitch and entangle meaning, and as we are very capable of unfolding the envelope of meaning without experts, to reveal truth, then it will be foolish to carry on without digging up the corpse of that old language wizard, George Orwell.

George Orwell's name has been brandied around, like wedding confetti, by people who don't

understand the chap’s psychological insights. Orwell was first and foremost a psychologist and a master of how words can be used against you and me.

In our cinder box world of psycho-babble, “meaning” is not dependent upon an imagined free and honest definition, but rather, meaning is coated in the Orwellian essence of totalitarianism. Orwell's psychic totalitarianism is brilliantly explicated in the novel 1984. In the novel, there is a character called 'Emmanuel Goldstein'. Goldstein was not a real person, it was only the idea of the person that was the nightmare that haunted the multitudes. The propagandists in the story invented Goldstein to keep the ‘paroles’ in check. The proles can't think for themselves, they have been conditioned by the tentacles of Big Brother to react violently to the name Goldstein. Emmanuel Goldstein wasn't a flesh and blood character, you see, rather, he was only an idea planted inside the scull of a prole. The idea was more terrifying than the reality! Emmanuel Goldstein demonstrates our ability to be terrified by ideas and to show how plastic we could be in the face of mass brain washing. The slightest whiff of Goldstein's presence would strike terror in the prole population. His name will strike the proles with mass anger, like in the film, 48 Hours Later, and they get whipped up into a frenzy of self-righteous foot stamping and vengeful hating, until they shout and smash windows and destroy any sign of Goldstein's presence. They would shout, something must be done about Goldstein', they would shout in unison, like clapping seals; evil evil, kill kill kill!

Now substitute Emmanuel Goldstein for the word `DRUG'. Today, the word `Drug' has a similar effect on people. You only need mention the word around respectable people and witness your otherwise rational friends get worked up and defensive in a sort of horrified self-righteousness and act like experts when they are really parrots of what the press constantly parrot from the current Zeitgeist. But the Zeitgeist is not the force within. We are!

We are the inner force.

I detect the inner force, which binds the world and directs its course, the germs of power spring galore, Goldstein's words we fear no more.

Now for a concrete example.

I was once in a conversation with a petit blond girl and her female tennis player friend. We spoke about wacky paranormal ideas. The girl was interested in poltergeists and she was convinced that she could see ghosts. She even had a pseudo-scientific theory about electricity waves interacting with the brain.

Her girlfriend, tall, athletic, with a captivating beautiful gravity and a strong back hand for tennis which she puts to good use on the cheeks of her girlfriend, also believed in ghosts.

I said, "I am not a druggy because I'm interested in drugs and I don't know why we have to make a disclaimer every-time this subject comes up".

The girl looked suspicious. She said, "You are obsessed"!

I said, "If I was talking about the film, The Silence of the Lambs, wouldn't it be odd if I kept assuring you that I'm not myself a serial killer, I just like the film? So why do I have to assure you that I'm not a druggy"?

The girl said, "So what you are saying is that the word 'Drug' is like that creature from Greek mythology that morphs into the thing the person wishes to see. Like if I turn my gaze at the creature I see a big breasted Swedish porn star, but if you see the creature, you see me making love to the Swedish porn star, or if a lonely person sees it, he sees his long lost friend?

Tennis girl was not amused (she will put her girlfriend over her knee tonight and spank her like she did last night).

I said, "Yes. The word 'Drug' is like that creature that morphs. People see in a prison of a nightmare, this is the creature we are all seeing; the same creature, but each person views it from different angles. Objectivity is impossible from an angle.

Anyway, so this is Orwell's warning to all people living a propagandised life. By the way, I borrowed the word 'propagandised' from Terence McKenna. Most people use the word 'brain washing' or 'brain washed', however, apart from sounding far too unlikely, brain washing conjures up the image of being strapped to a leather seat with a Nazi rubbing a wet sponge between your ears! The word 'propagandised' is more poetic and it feels better too!

So instead of a brain washed populace, a propagandised herd is the image. You may not agree with this picture, and neither do I, as it seems only paranoid people would see their neighbors as propagandised pod-people, rather than free citizens. Granted, we do allow television brain washers, like Derren Brown and James Randi, to hypnotize people on stage, making them jump up and down on one leg whilst barking like a dog, for the amusement of a live studio audience, but governments would never hire these guys to work for them. They don't give out

Nobel prizes for propagandists because they exist only in circuses or game shows. Propaganda isn't real because we have never felt it.

However, the point of 1984 is to show that if we were propagandised, which we definitely are not, then we would never know it. Think about it this way. Do sleeping people know that they are being looked down upon by the awake? If the world of George Orwell became real, we would be blissfully unaware of our sleepiness. We would be like members of a stone-age tribe living on an island, believing we were advanced, when in reality, some white guys on a boat, with binoculars, are monitoring us like pets.

The white guys in this picture are awake, or, to picture this idea better, they are referees in a boxing match, but instead of monitoring primitive tribes, they monitor punch drunk people. Let me explain. In a boxing match, when the fighter is smashed in the jaw, he is staggered and does not know that he is so. In other words, the fighter isn't aware that he is about to get knocked out. That's right, he is unaware, and he believes he is normal. You can argue that he has a diminished perspective. It is only from the perspective of the crowd that we know the consciousness of the fighter is diminished. We have a different perspective. From where the stunned boxer is standing, he is in a peaceful place and he is oblivious to his staggering about, staggering at a level that is barely above unconsciousness, punch drunk and ridiculous. The clear headed referee then jumps in to stop the fight.

So by this example, the referee is the guy awake and the punch drunk fighter, who thinks he is awake, is the average person on the street, or Orwell's prole. George Orwell explains this difference in higher and lower mentality amazingly. The proles truly believe that they do not exist at a level that is barely above unconsciousness; they are happy in proledom or to use the

modern slang, trolldom.

By this analysis, it is up to us to choose whether we want to be members of the Stone Age tribe or the white guys on the boat. We can choose to be proles or we can choose to be higher people. Being high is more fun than being a prole!

High people refuse to be constricted by culture chains. The ant people refuse to step off the merry-go-round of consumerism, to awaken from an infantile state imposed from above. In our world, we live our lives in a soap-box of pre-packaged existence; out of this soap-box emerges hurried and harassed freedoms to work like a dog until we retire; and as old folks we feign as we are dead, unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead, to inherit a house from the money harlot.

The money harlot is the dominatrix, known as Madame Machine, and if Madame Machine isn't your friend, she ends up beating you like metal on the anvils of progress. The machine fucks you and abuses you; she demands you waste your time doing, ineffectively and grudgingly, a job for which you are not suited, to earn a wage, in order to live, before you can devote the rest of your life to what the Hindus would call your sadhana, the work for which your deeper nature has appointed you: your life’s purpose.

The Machine was never voted into office, but she holds us in bondage and she whips and flays those who resist. Graduates from school get the privilege of being fucked by the machine until they stop feeling. This is why modern people don't feel. This is progress! Is it really? This life of getting bent over isn't your life's purpose. Escape then!

It was Albert Einstein who once said that we seek an escape from everyday life "with its painful crudity and hopeless dreariness".

The everyday life is the by-product of our technological hang-over. We are not aware of the hang-over, the white noise of modern living. Today, we have not the privilege of living on our own terms, completely carefree, for half an hour. If it isn't work, we are hounded by financial worries. At least a slave in Ancient Rome had a head to kick for its bullshit. Today, we are not physically fucked by a master; we are just taken spiritually. And taken not by a physical person who can be resisted, but by a huge impersonal machinery without either a body to kick, a soul to damn or a head to answer for its mischief.

The trick of the jester was to hide his mischievous hand behind his back. This is why we don't notice the hopeless treadmill of work and the dreary machinery of cycles; a machine that disembowels us through advertising and shopping and turns us all into participating hamsters, running on a wheel of mortgage payments, consumer price indexes, and narcissistic toys.

So to conclude, we discussed Orwell and the distinction between prole and higher person. This distinction will help us when we are discussing consciousness states and what these higher states can mean for life. Now seeing that this isn't a muse of the politics of the machine, we will get back on track with science and the DMT state. But first, a little talk on science and technology. Surely, some people ask, isn't technology the road to the meaning of existence?

The rising Sun reveals many paths; we shall leave Orwell's avenue and get back on track, just after we kick science.

(6) DMT: An Antidote to Technology and Scientific Materialism.

Materialism, the meat grinder of biology, the treadmill of life. What is it? For all our progress, we are still flesh and cells, limited in space and time. A mere fleshy body, a gasp of pain between birth and death. A fragile craft steering the torments of the planet. Until they invent an immortality app, then this picture is valid. Because they haven't invented an immortality app, there is only one question, "whence come I and whither go I? That is the great unfathomable question, the same for every one of us. Science has no answer to it". Max Planck wrote these words over 100 years ago.

Unfathomable indeed! From whence the stream and whither? Centuries and centuries of knowledge grounded only in the material, the empirically given, has never been able to give an answer. Hopeless we are if all our source of knowledge is materialism and nothing more. Materialism postulates the fingertips are the peak of metaphysical conjecture. This is naive.

Julian Jaynes wrote about the naïve belief in science in his classic, The Origins of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind. Jaynes points out that the idea of science is rooted in the same impulse that drives religion, the desire for "the Final Answer, the One Truth, and the Single Cause". The metaphysical itching haunts scientists just as fiercely as it bothered the clergy. It is just that scientists don't seem to notice their itch!

Terence McKenna once said that, "for approximately 500 years [science's] argument for it's pre-eminence was that it could create beautiful toys: aircraft, railroads, global economics, television, spacecraft. But that is a fool's argument for truth! I mean that's after all how a

medicine show operates, you know: the juggler is so good, the medicine must be even better"!

The medicine is improving all the time, it is said. Fast forward another 20 years and this is the world we are now living in and we are indeed in a Technological wonder-land. This wonder-land is supposed to be the measure of all happiness. These days we are happy with our technology, and rightly so. We have Android phones that allow us to hold the net in the palm of our hand. Internet highways allow us to meet interesting people - the people I meet online are far more interesting than the people I meet in my home town-, and our computer games throw us all into wondrous realities; other worlds, with virtual galaxies that allow all, including the poorest among us, to be who the heck we want to be; without being judged by the authorities or nosey neighbours etc.

You get the picture; obviously, because this is our 21st century; lit up in neon lights. And it gets better; people like the silicon valley entrepreneur, Ray Kurzweil, promise that our techno-smarts is only the beginning and sometime soon, we will all be enjoying the equivalent of a technological orgasm. Kurzweil and his followers call this future state, the singularity. The singularity is the eschatology with batteries, a bit like the apocalypse, but rather than fire and burning in Hell for a zillion years, we all get our consciousness uploaded into a virtual reality existence and be immortal and live in a 4D mansion, with a 3D TV implanted inside our brain.

This vision is coming true, but we still die!

The father of quantum mechanics, Max Planck, argued that the aim of scientific knowledge is

merely the moving of matter and energy from here and there, that is, science will never be the meaning, because we die. Sorry! Planck wrote that science "is an incessant struggle towards a goal which can never be reached. Because the goal is of its very nature unattainable. It is something that is essentially metaphysical and as such is always again and again beyond each achievement." I don't care what new app is out there, what Planck said still holds true today. Arthur Schopenhauer thought the same. He argues that "science can never allow anyone to gain access to the inner essence of things; all we do is chase appearances to infinity, moving without end or goal like a squirrel on a wheel, until tired at last, whether on top or bottom, we stop at some arbitrary point and want people to respect us for it". Indeed we respect the individual scientist, even though they run the squirrel wheel, to win the Nobel Prize.

This is in no way criticising the scientific method, rather, these thinkers are criticising 'scientism', the belief that science can accomplish a simultaneous answer to everything. Rather that ending at the theory of everything, science must ever wander on her thorny but fascinating path; she is like a mountain climber, who every moment imagines that she'll reach the highest peak, but soon discovers behind it a higher one still. The climbing goes on forever and ever.

Therefore, scientism has no answer to the Planck question. And just think, Max Planck witnessed the fruits of scientific materialism full on; I am talking about the blood bath of the two World Wars. The lesson of this is that we can't do much worse than Planck's generation, and that great generation invented quantum physics. Go figure!

Materialism, be it philosophical or musical, will never deliver on her promise. Rather than trusting what the scientist tells you, trust yourself to navigate soundly between the combine,

with its sharp edges of happiness and pain and you will get the results. Between these edges the river, life flows on. The trick is not to capsize and fall on a sharp edge. The real secret is to navigate your world, through the howling mountainous waves of people and their opinions; and just float along the river of life, or, to use the old cliché, `go with the flow'.

It is only when your vehicle capsizes on one of the edges that life becomes a problem. By flowing with life, I mean acceptance in who you are, rather than what the other guy thinks you are. The other guy feeds off your fears and your desires, so don't (overly) desire and don't fear, observe your surroundings; the guy is not in the room with you now. Your body is always present, your mind is not. Your mind is somewhere else. Take back your mind!

The truth always leaks out in the end, you see, as it's doing today, with millions suspecting their slavery isn't reason why they were born. Still, the truth will probably get trivialized and boxed or made into a fashion or a fad, though a fad containing a divinity; like the film, The Matrix: bound to enjoy, for the time being, some sort of noisy success; but a sufficiently dumb and soul-killing work, to appeal to the growing number of mechanical slaves, that crawl about our planet, posing as free; all destined to prove, ultimately, of no avail. Time will tell.

(7) DMT: The Spirit Molecule! The University of New Mexico Study (at last)

Now we have wondered along the path of propaganda and took a short cut along the critique of science road. We are now approaching upon the superhighway signposted Warning: N, N-Dimethyltryptamine!

Remember above I mentioned the scientific experiment conducted by Dr Rick Strassman? He gave participants DMT. So what happened Dr Strassman's study? The shadow of God was revealed to the participants on the hospital trolley, this is what they are saying. Though nowhere do they use my lazy word, 'God'. Being Americans, they say 'UFO', or 'Aliens' or 'greens' and 'entities'; so I hope you can appreciate me sticking with God. We should keep in mind, however, that for most people, the word 'God' has been bled dry of meaning. Obviously the God up there, who hung the stars like lamps in heaven, has little meaning today, the DMT world, a world of cascades and horror, is full of meaning; this is the message. Why should we still use the word God, if the concept is a hollow shell? Well I'm not obsessed with grey aliens, you see, or unidentified flying spaceships and I have neither the wit nor verve nor the power of utterance to invent a new word, so I will stick with God, but in a less fire and brimstone way.

Fire and brimstone will surely get knocked out, and in the first round too, by the DMT flash. A flash? Because, like the flash of a camera, the experience is that quick. Well about ten minutes, which is lightning quick when compared to the average 9 hour psychedelic trip. This is the DMT experience. The DMT flash reveals a world that is impossible to exist, but is does; like the music of Bach but in a higher definition or Einstein's equations before Einstein was born (insert your favourite impossible thing). Or a shining light bulb not connected to electricity. A higher seeing.

Some people can see further. If you fly over your home-town, on Google Earth, you notice the higher vantage point straight away. You would never have guessed that there where so many trees surrounding your home-town if you stayed on Earth. Zoom out a little and the view becomes higher. Now you see mountains and seas. You apprehend more because you

are high. When you come back down, try explaining what you have seen to your friends. Chances are, if your friends have never risen to those heights themselves, they won't believe you. You will then get thrown into the cooking pot!

You flew too high and they dragged you back down. You looked down into the DMT flash, you witnessed grandeurs beyond grandeurs, chasms over chasms, deeps beyond deeps. Just like in mathematics where there are infinitudes of higher orders infinitely transcending lower infinities, so the phenomenon of consciousness can no longer be seen at sparks firing from living meat. Rather, your consciousness is a revelation of infinities overlapping your normal, hum-drum, pay that mortgage, monkey mind.

So to my mind, gathered from the 'trip reports', and now on You Tube, consciousness is more than an algorithm, and the way Kurt Gödel proved that mathematics, at the highest lever, is more than a closed system, well is seems that consciousness, even though algorithmic at the base level, is Godelian strange at the higher level. That is, Kurt Gödel showed that mathematics can release formulas out of the equation that shouldn't be there, so DMT is revealing 'entities' that should definitely not be there! Gödel himself believed that the minds action is something beyond the physical brain, and that the your mind is free from the algorithmic action which defines your life and, yes, your death.

The Earth is flat, it's also round. Depends in your perspective.

You see, if you went up in a hot air balloon, you will notice the curvature of the planet. It was only your limited horizon that convinces you that the Earth was flat. Indeed, the Earth is flat from where we are standing, this is the point. Sometimes when I'm trying to park my car into

a tight space, my girlfriend stands on the pavement and directs me into the gap. She has a different perceptive from me and she assures me that I have loads of room, but from behind my wheel, I am convinced that my car will scrape the other vehicle. It depends on the perspective of the person. We always see drivers struggling to fit into a gap that is huge from where we are standing across the road, but the poor driver behind the wheel is struggling. Therefore we can argue that it is the limited horizon of Dan Dennett and his peers that convinces them that the mind is mere brain goo. This isn't their fault, they are only going with evidence, unbeknownst to them that piling up a stack of evidence can never plug the hole on certainty, you see, like the example of the balloon giving you and I a better vantage point, molecules like DMT rip the mind out of the mind equals brain dogma, to open up a higher horizon. No wonder these things are illegal!

Personally, I reckon that we need no longer fear death because of this (we can still fear dying though) and we can stop worshipping the dreary materialism that is hurting our planet so badly, like a furious madam with a tight chain, because we believe 'this is what we deserve' or 'we can't get any better'.

If what is in this book is true, we can forget atomic colliders and our fascination with human genome projects; they have their place in our world, of course, but what Dr Strassman's study has uncovered, and this is science at the cutting edge remember, what he's done is to point towards salvation after death and a real delving into the possibility of a post death reality for you, me and the girl selling crack down the road.

Salvation after death you say? After reading what the DMT test pilots are reporting; you must wonder. The studies that Dr Rick Strass man conducted are suggestive of doorways to

something lurking just before birth and existing way beyond life: so claim those who have witnessed! The doorways must be the portals to the higher lights His Holiness the Dalai Lama speaks of, otherwise the human race contains madness in the head, madness that the DMT experience is revealing in all who take it. Far better to see the experience as being not a part of the hallucinating brain, but of a different order of existence. This word, 'hallucination', is merely a get out of jail free card for reductionist psychology. If you can't explain it, it's a hallucination. But surely the hallucination of an Einstein is different from yours and mine? It is most unfortunate for the academics that the hallucinating excuse holds no water when in the presence of the Titan. The DMT Titan is an entirely different order from your hum drum multi-coloured merry-go-round trip.

What is this different order of experiencing that will not fit our words, this thing we all fall into, when we take DMT? It transcends language and understanding but the closer you search inside the more will be revealed to your startled eyes. We are so close to the zero point, we are that close to the transcendental object that all we need to do is to plough the Dimethyl Palace, like a serf ploughing the Lords field, and there it is!

Now for the next character in our journey. The Irish bard, Terence McKenna. McKenna is far from boring. Instead, Terence McKenna was a spell binding talker who could use his tongue like a propaganda gun, ploughing the fields of hyperspace and coming back with similar stories to Dr Strassman's test subjects. He was Terence McKenna, the best of the barters, the most gifted and remarkable inner-explorer of his generation; indeed, Terence is revered as a psychedelic god who turned Disney Land into Valhalla.

McKenna resurrected the psychedelic corpse back in the 1980's and early 1990's. When the

rest were watching Dallas and worshipping Ronald Reagan, the hyper charismatic Terence McKenna would tour the United States and tell his eyed witness testimony of the field to those who cared (how many did care back in the yuppie 80's?). Terence talked and raved, then he died.

Happily, Terence's voice has been recorded for you and me to listen to, and if you listen to Terence's testimony, you will realise that only a real witness to the mystery can sound as crazy as he did. It is very hard to fake that sort of ecstasy. An ecstasy that is repeated again and again in the study at New Mexico and deserves a few cheers from happy humanity. You know, there is much hand-clapping over the particle accelerator at CERN, more so than the New Mexico study. It's supposed to mean something to you and me that a particle is proving Einstein wrong. Well what would you do if somebody informed you that you have a better toy inside your head? You would probably stop smashing particles at close to the speed of light, after you experience what happens after a DMT experience.

The thing that the DMT experience does, so claim Strassman et al, is to show you the doorway into a hyper-reality. This is exciting, however, because of the propaganda, only those already in the know will ever get to hear the good news.

Terence McKenna, the godfather of the DMT craze, used to say that in a propaganda free society, the DMT experience would make headlines, 10 feet tall. McKenna often spoke in reverence of the DMT world and he was convinced that "this experience is of a fundamentally different order than anything this side of the yawning grave" (Terence McKenna).

McKenna argued that trying DMT isn't like trying a bicycle or wind surfing, hobbies that if you never tried between vagina and grave you would not be at a loss. Oh no, DMT is not a mere fad, 'it is your birth right' (McKenna). Spinning widgets or sitting in a neon-lit cubical isn't the reason why you were born. The real reason for your birth, according to Terence McKenna and all real philosophers, is that the DMT place is so real and this invisible presence gives you an itch for something that you cannot scratch. An itching for the metaphysics that the 'philosophers' in the academy have abandoned for university careers and a place in the New York Time best sellers list.

The DMT: Spirit Molecule book is a few years old now and the idiots we call our neighbours are still reading Harry Potter and Dan Brown! "Watch the documentary and spread the word and I hope the multitudes will awaken", so says the ghost of Terence McKenna (probably)!

Strassman and McKenna, the oddest couple one could come up with. How can two opposite characters, in fact, extreme ends of the personality pole, come to the same conclusion about the DMT experience? There is a hint to the validity of the experience somewhere in this dance of yin and yang.

Strassman and McKenna argue that *"the DMT molecule is a trapdoor to the higher lights, made flesh by the dark Gods that turn the millstones of the world"*. DMT *"is THE SECRET"*. Strassman injected his patients so as to manage the dose for the scientific study. McKenna, on the other hand, smoked royally. So after smoking DMT, you realize that the idea behind life is that your life isn't working the 9 to 5 or getting oblivioned every weekend; rather, your life is a gap between the two eternities where you actually have a chance of finding out what the hell is going on. But if you're consuming the culture dangled before your literate eyes,

then you are living somebody else's idea of what is going on. Somebody else's idea of who you are. The DMT experience breaks the shackles of somebody else and throws you into Gods cockpit, for a few minutes. Terence McKenna joked, well I hope he was joking, that God leaves the room to get coffee, and by some crazy coincidence, this is exactly the same that you take the DMT and this is why the DMT place is so 'GODS KITCHEN but weirdly familiar at once, like a pun but punning a million times over, but you still understand the message.

McKenna's somewhat fetishtic worshipping of DMT is understandable, because "monkey politics" had led him to "utter despair", as it does most people, in fact, Terence McKenna fought the demon of nihilism more than most and he probably battled his demons by hyping the mystery, to repel his personal tremors and to spreading the hope. However, it is most unfortunate that hope from a preacher of otherness would be off-putting indeed to those who enjoy thinking for themselves; especially in the West were we are rightfully suspicious of this sort of talk. If it’s not Roger Penrose talking about Plato, than why listen anyway? However, Terence McKenna did have a great story to tell and today, because of Dr Rick Strassman's findings, Terence was closer than he dared imagine.

Terence McKenna often spoke in reverence of the DMT world; with the oratory power of an ecstatic poet, and, more impressively, he wasn't high at the time (I hasten to add). McKenna was convinced that "this experience is of a fundamentally different order than anything this side of the yawning grave" (Terence McKenna).McKenna argued that the DMT flash had repeatability and he speculated on the afterlife because of this repeating place he went to on DMT. Drinking coffee in Paris or debating better phenomenon, the Simpsons or The Matrix, is not the way to do philosophy. Trying psychedelics is the only game in town, so argued

Terence McKenna.

This is what philosophers are supposed to do, that is, they are supposed to be perturbing their minds eye so as to snap out of the trance they are living in. The Greek philosopher, Plato, called this trance The Cave and he founded the original Academy, in Athens, 2500 years ago, to debate the Cave with his pupils. It is a damn shame then, that today, Plato's descendants are wasting their 1000 months on this planet debating the colour red and writing rubbish that will fly up the profit machine dangling from Oprah's expensive udders, and sit on the New York Times best sellers list.

New York Times best sellers don't ask questions to awaken the slumbering God within you and me. New York Times best sellers never ask are you not after all a citizen of the mystery of life, rather than a consumer of somebody else's idea of what the mystery? They never tell you that someone else has your transcendence already packaged for you and it resembles a flabby version of the mystery, were you are forced to do some job which you not hate, in order to live, before you can devote the rest of your time to what the Hindus would call your sadhana -- the work for which your deeper nature has appointed you: your life's dedication. Instead of devoting yourself to sadhana, the shopping mall is your cathedral and your mortgage is your mausoleum. Who wants to reach the commanding heights of dummie-hood anyway? Are we gods or dummies? For whom the gods wish to destroy they first turn into dummies! The Buddha explained that our natural state of existence is indeed dumpiness, and he called this state of dummie-hood 'avidya' (Sanskrit: none seeing). The Buddha taught that we all exhibit avidya-mind and so (I’m putting this very crudely here), we live our lives sleeping. Buddhists say that this life is the gap between the two eternities in which we have a chance of finding out what is going on. But if we put our ear to the culture, then our

experiences are watered down to a decimal point of existence; a lumpen playpen sponsored by the entertainment industries and the academy, where our consciousness is a copy right of Nintendo and the Apple Corporation, where we are only allowed to consume what They package. Culture argues that what is inside is worthless, so they have the concept of entertainment. Our time is filled with compulsory entertainment, often as dreary as work. Thus our natural state of ignorance is not a recent invention. For ages now, ignorance is weighing down our spirits and we are thus trapped in even stupider realms of being (consumer capitalism). We who hold onto existence with stressed fingers (chasing profits), resembling children at a fantastic carnival; dazzled and dumb mouthed by the lights and toys (world of illusion made flesh via the Las Vegas lights). We are being thrown off the merry-go-round set on fast forward (notice how time speeds as you age). Who has a place for this hurried movement (the work cycle which drains our freedom)? We as points of consumption are mere sparks flying off its fantastic merry-go-round, for busy ignorance to grind us into still finer dust (the vanity of work). Avidya fires her thunder bolts down from the boundless annals of time and hitting us in the bottom (I'll let you work that one out)! Our ancestors spoke of this way of thinking; and it painfully haunts us still. We can add then, that the arrow time is the meat grinder of biology; chewing and spitting at the varied forms; fleeting and hurried into the bowels of oblivion. Shopping and dying, what a way to go! This is why the DMT phenomena is worth a serious consideration and maybe, just as our world is dying, we have discovered the antidote to materialist reductionism. And the Cambridge biologist Rupert Sheldrake agreed, he calls DMT a 'necroptic substance'; because of its catalysing powers, that is, N, N-Dimethyltryptamine has the ability to throw the mind into the post death state, just like Terence McKenna. Both believed the DMT experience to be the closest thing you will ever get to the after death state and still come back. The molecule is the door-frame and we step beyond it and see wonderful things. McKenna was convinced that these things had an

ontological validity independent of our thoughts and feelings about it. "More like shifting fantasy land than good old positivist rock n roll" (McKenna).

If only these themes could be pumped out into the flabby consumerist world of Simon Cowell's dancing tits, then the DMT truth would be a phenomenal hit because, to my mind anyway, these ideas are more fascinating than all that Dan Brown rubbish which passes for the mysterious these days. And that mystical, 'get a fit girl my thinking her into existence' 'The Secret' windbaggery is hucking in the retarded herd; get them all to try DMT; thus they shall learn!!! DMT is the real secret and the experiences we hear so much about in the UFO Times and the Discovery Channel really can't touch the DMT flash for scientific validity and, more impressively, for spookiness. This is high blown philosophical silliness for those who haven't had the experience but, as Terence was forever arguing, the drug only lasts about seven minutes and it is physically safe and so the Sceptics should try it for themselves. Alas, I'm not aware of the Sceptics taking McKenna up on the offer. The Sceptics, you know, may be mind-locked drones, terrified of the void which lurks outside their peer reviewed living rooms, but I suspect the real reason they ignored McKenna's challenge was because of the oratory firework show that spewed from the bards mouth! Terence, you must understand, was at the extreme end of the DMT cult, and these days the DMT community really does feel like an obese cult, and this is why, Rick Strass man is important; I am not joking when I say that his boringness can pop the New Age trappings of the DMT flash and bring legitimacy in through the back door.

Compared to Terence McKenna, Strass man is safe and straight and his script is so down to earth when compared to the spellbinding oratory tricks of the bard McKenna, that his boring elocution is much needed over a charisma god! Smart people have had enough of

spellbinding orations and, time and time again, eyeballs just roll at maniacal prophets with idols to smash. Like St Terence of McKenna.

Terence was indeed an overly excited prophet; he could just let rip with lines off the top of his head; like; ' clap the gods into town and the voice of a thousand elves thunder into local fields of awareness; and these "local fields are foetal human minds, being born, hurried and buried into the bones of our dying world". You will never feel this because our brain is a filter that cuts your mind off from the DMT place. McKenna went on to speculate that the evolutionary purpose of this cutting us off is obvious (well to him it was!). If our cave dwelling ancestors had access of the radiance the DMT space, 24/7, then they would be getting eaten by sabre toothed tigers at an alarming rate! So the brain protects us from this radiance; thus we can say, using modern concepts, that the brain acts like a protective firewall and N, N-Dimethyltryptamine can override this neurono firewall".

McKenna can talk like this for hours and hours, and without notes too! When assaulted by his vocal range, we are converted to his way of thinking, and so we are hypnotised with the spellbinding trick of McKenna's oratory power. McKenna argued that DMT is a neuron-hacking agent to God. Unfortunately you need a massive personality to convey these ideas and not come across as all silly sounding. But this is the realm of the saint rather than the scientist. St McKenna sure was bananas to us scientific types, and he may well have been pulling our legs; he once referred to himself as being a functioning schizophrenic, a unique genius who was convinced of the banana realms inhabited with extra elves! Again, Dr Strass man covers similar weird things but with a different personality. So what I am saying, if anything, is that two opposite personalities are coming up with the same message ergo, the DMT realm (whatever that may mean) is a real place. (I'm aware that the concept of 'real' is a

sloppy word, but there you go).

Strassman's study then is less Titanically hatched than Terence McKenna's script. What Dr Strassman's subjects are reporting, and this is in the book, are muti-formed high definition elf embodiments that are impossible to exist in this world are revealed to your startled eye. Angels of demonic intensity, syntactically shifting gestalts of life and death representations, and in high definition too.

Apparitions made out of silicon and trees that resemble demigods from Indian art that gallop around inside the hospital room and carry multiple meanings all at once, such as punning in many dimensions. They flicker like this in chaotic frequencies that leave the mind trailing and so the more you look the less you are able to pour language over. Most of Strassman's subjects say that they understand the DMT message, but on awakening the message quickly dissolves and they cannot remember anything; "it's like an involved dream that we forget as soon as our feet touch the bathroom floor" (McKenna). The subjects also report floating in deep space, looking at long dead alien machinery from the end of time (seriously, just read the books or listen to You Tube) and space-stations orbiting fantastic forgotten worlds. You will be greeted by telepathic elf machines from this universe that communicate in syntactical information that are extraordinary complex, impossible to fathom but very ordered. It somehow all makes sense. Now I must add that this all sounds stupid and this again is why Strass man is important. He seems completely sane is what I'm getting at.

Terence McKenna used to tell a story of giving a huge dose of DMT to a very old Tibetan monk whilst travelling through Asia. The monk was "not one of those alcoholic fund-raiser Lamas, but the real thing" (McKenna) and the monk told him that the DMT experience was

the lesser lights and that you cannot go further than this and return to your body. The monk told him that when we die our mind is cut off from its host (brain) and falls through the brains physical barrier and journeys back through the lesser light and into the spirit realms. ("I believed him, McKenna said," the guy took it like a man, I mean; he must have been over 90 years old"). In the presence of this spirit then, all the capability of human conception sinks exhausted, with nothing to hold onto but a fall into a place outside of metaphysics; a palace of radiant light. The misery of trying to pin down weird experiences with words, and saying that it would be like trying to eat fire with an axe. Profound experiences you see can never be embodied or wrapped up into words. Those who know would never tell anyway! This is the original doctrine of awakening you see; the original Buddhahood.

When done correctly, this doctrine will break open your hopelessly dreary reality and set you on your way to Nirvana. Unfortunately, only the special adepts achieve this goal; Nirvana was not meant for the peasants. (Forget all that Mahayana 'everybody for the ride' rubbish peddled in the west). Fortunately, we now have the new-kids on the block; the psychedelic experience and the DMT flash. These drugs can open the gates to worldwide Enlightenment, that is, they are for the masses. The DMT flash is an especially fast track to the above. It is even more unfortunate then that the DMT experience really is impossible to describe with a voice box and a pen. It's this impossibility of 'solid' evidence that leads those who refuse to step off the merry-go-round of consumerism to conclude that these things are mere hallucinations. It is all an illusion apparently and so smart people just refuse to look at DMT and other possible worlds. Yes sure, they believe in the possible worlds the quantum physicists tell them, but only because they don't believe it! They will never try DMT, why? This great refusal to see isn't a new phenomenon.

Galileo experienced the same frustrations with his peers a few centuries ago when his fellow professors refused to take a look through his telescope. So it behoves us to remember that it wasn't the peasants who refused to look through Galileo's telescope but the scholars with their learning from Aristotle and the Bible. That was 400 years ago but this conservative archetype resonates today. Today it is the psychologists and philosophers, with their learning from Darwinism and Einstein, who refuse to take a glance at psychedelic drugs (they argue that it is all an illusion), whilst outside the academy, the peasants if you will, are partying hard! So those today, who are claiming it is all an illusion, have to remember that the same thing was said about Galileo's discoveries. Casare Cremonini, the most renowned Aristotelian philosopher of the early seventeenth century, is remembered today as the professor who refused to look through Galileo's telescope (for this Galileo called him 'simplicio'). It was in 1610 when Galileo looked through his telescope and saw the moons of Jupiter. He then realized then that what Aristotle said must be wrong, and the Bible too. Galileo hurried to tell his fellow peers, including his good friend Cremonini, that what they have all been doing for 2000 years was completely wrong and that he had the proof, "look through here and see the proof for yourselves", Galileo would have said. But amazingly, instead of wanting to see these new truths for themselves, Galileo's peers stubbornly refused even to look through the lens! The churchmen of Galileo's day dismissed his telescopic insights as being an optical illusion or hallucination and so not worth further investigation. These medieval professors didn't have to look through Galileo's telescope because they knew what they saw with their own naked eyes (they just knew they 'knew' from 'pure reasoning' in those days!).

For thousands of years the naked eye was the only tool available for science and it worked just fine; from advanced mathematics in Greece and India to Gothic architecture and beautiful art, this progress was all done with the naked eye. We naturally induce that `this is all there is', but paradoxically, without evidence. This has become known as the paradox of

inductive reasoning. It is not logical to infer from an observation, even if that same event happens a thousand times; but the old dogma just kept sticking around. So if Galileo saw the heavens in conflict with the prevailing Aristotelian dogma, then what he saw must be a hallucination. Because astronomers could already see, they concluded that a greater seeing was not possible and so a telescope was impossible! (Gremonini was well rewarded for his junk philosophy by the way. Just like today's academics).

Today it is the professors of psychology and philosophy dons who refuse to look into psychedelic drugs. Humanity has made great progress with the naked (unperturbed) mind they say; indeed, we have built brain splitting complicated intellectual atom smashers with just our normal conscious awareness and so conclude that this is it and that nothing lurks beyond the normal local mind space.

Well today telescopes (and microscopes) are legal and thus we have made progress in the material places. It's a crying shame then that the perturbing of mind is frowned upon by otherwise very intelligent people who really should know better. (Even some reviews of this book dismiss it as some sort of druggy fuelled stoner hippy fest! This is a stupid point to take, but as the saying goes, "against stupidity the Gods themselves contend in vain": Schiller). Today it is worldwide illegal to study these spiritual molecules or even to disprove this spiritual springboard hypothesis. Instead we only allow science which completely gives up the ghost in favour of advanced technology, but, in so doing, reduces all matter to flying atoms screaming through empty space, blind and indifferent to our whims. Nobel laureate physicist Steven Weinberg captured this weltanschauung beautifully when he said: "All the explanatory arrows point downward, from societies to people, to organs, to cells, to biochemistry, to chemistry, and ultimately to physics." He thus concluded, "The more we

know of the cosmos, the more meaningless it appears". Thus science is meaningless for salvation. Are we not taught this version of reality in school? Human institutions are carved up into many metaphysical millstones, grinding away at our spirits and, according to this world view, printing stamps of stupidity onto the minds of men; alas, this is a very hard stamp to shake off. This stupidity has forced psychedelics underground with the other good things of life! N, N-Dimethyltryptamine is seen as evil because it does not fit the prevailing orthodoxy of our times, and even more so, Terence McKenna argued that it threatens our moral bourgeois institutions and the entire capitalist ethic of fearing your neighbour as you fear yourself. This stamp of fear runs deep in our nature. We naturally fear weirdness and clench our fist in moral rage at anything deemed divergent. This fear archetype is imprinted deep in our collective history. For example, in ancient Rome, charitable Christians had to contend with furious emperors and a blood thirsty Coliseum. During the middle ages, hurried and harassed families had to dodge an oligarchical priesthood and a stern Church dogma; and today's free spirits must look over their shoulder, in fear of a furious busy-body class, cultural cardinals (politicians, media editors), and an overly enthusiastic police force. The stamp of human nature runs deep indeed.

It may well be a human nature which deems the laboratory of mind as escapism. This is wrong. It is not escapism, or cheating, to use drugs in philosophical Endeavour, just as it is not cheating to use a telescope to view the moons of Jupiter. OK, you need an education to use a telescope (or microscope) so educated people should be able to at least have the chance of disproving Strassman's hypotheses. This is how science is done. The collective stamp or the foot print of genius then has come so far. Our foot is printed on the map of the ontological process, and all progress is driven by a cerebral cortex and the imagination; DMT will turn this purple prose into a reality argued McKenna! This other world is a puff away (if smoked

that is).Is there proof? Well if you read DMT: The Spirit Molecule it's the strongest conclusion I can think of. Well that, or Rick Strass man and his many subjects are lying through their collective teeth for some strange reason!

(P.S... So which type of proof does Dr Strasmann provide? Well it's not material proof that you can hold in your hands, like a light bulb. Nor is it a mathematical proof that can be shown to smart people. The stories in here are only witness testimonies, but by reputable witnesses like doctors, business people and artists; that is, none retarded citizens. Unfortunately, a successful guy's testimony is still retarded proof to build such grand claims. However, let's be honest, our justice system is built on the testimony of retards; and we all love jury service, so we shouldn't dismiss witness testimonies so easily. Ok it may be retarded to trust mere `stories', even if the people are upstanding members of the community, held in high esteem by their peers; there is always the possibility of retarded dreaming; if not downright lying! But the witnesses to the DMT experience feel convincing to me and, to my mind anyway, they seem intelligent and articulate about what they have witnessed and so cannot be easily labelled as retarded New Age void people. So we are forced to take the position of jury members (retards) and that really is the best we can do. What a bummer!

Terence McKenna "Now where can I get my hands on some drugs"?

Kant "Only the descent into the hell of self-knowledge can pave the way to godliness".

Final Thoughts and a word from last The Great Buddha

A king asked, *"are you a god*"? The Buddha said "*no*".

The king said, "*Are you a saint*"? Buddha said, "*No*".

The king said *"Are you a magician*"" Buddha *"no"*.

Then the king said, *"Then what are you"?*

The Buddha replied, *"The awakened one, you see, is not a sleeper, like you and me. He isn't a teacher; let alone a preacher; neither a prophet nor looking to profit. He isn't a snake, or an obvious fake. He is awake!"*

I think I have got rid of materialism. Matter no longer seems to me so ancient, so unsubduable, so certain and palpable as mind. I am Mind; whether matter or not I know not- and care not. Almighty glimpses into the spiritual universe I have sometimes had (about the true nature of Religion, the possibility, after all, of "supernatural" (really natural) influences etc etc): would they but could stay with me, and ripen into a perfect view!

What am I but a sort of ghost? Men rise as Apparitions from the bosom of Night, and after grinning, squeaking, gibbering some space, return thither. The earth they stand on is Bottomless; the vault of their sky is Infinite; the Life-Time is encompassed with Eternity. O wonder! And they buy cattle or seats in Parliament, and drink coarser or finer fermented liquors, as if all this were a City that had foundation.

Terence says this brain is Ground Zero! So meditate there! After all, says Terence, worrying about the temperature of Betelgeuse or the age of the universe when you can't even conceive of a light year means you're flown into fairyland.

The real meat of the moment, the ,which is you, and the primacy of the DMT experience, that you are, is the ground you tread on..